

THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra. REMITTANCES should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 655. OCTOBER 1, 1913. Vol. LV.

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THE MUSE IN A PET.

In his brilliant but hopelessly wrong-headed essay on Victor Hugo, Frederic Myers comments upon a poem in "L'Année Terrible" in which the author "paints at great length and with startling rhetoric the possibility that God may at last be found to have deceived us all along—that 'the moral cosmos may be reduced to a chaos,' and man, the sport of destiny, expire in a ruined universe." In that event, the poet informs us that he himself, "terrible, indigné, calme, extraordinaire," will denounce God to his own thunders. Whereupon the essayist remarks: "M. Hugo, forsooth, would be terrible! M. Hugo would be calm! M. Hugo would be extraordinary! It seems likely that at the crack of doom even M. Hugo might see something more terrible and extraordinary than himself." Signor Marinetti, the Italian apostle of "futurism," would meet such an exigency unperturbed. That he can be "more than usual calm" under trying circumstances we know from his own admission. When, two or three years ago, he confronted in the Mercadante Theatre of Naples a hostile audience of "pastists," he showed his quality in a way which only his own words can fittingly describe. "Suddenly, among the parabolas of potatoes and rotten fruits, I caught on the fly an orange thrown at me. I peeled it with the greatest calmness, and ate it slowly, by sections." This daring action turned the tide; the audience which came to curse remained to applaud, and "I hastened, of course, to thank the bellowing crowd by hurling fresh insults at them." We are not told how many heads were broken in the scrimmage that followed, and our chief interest in the episode lies in the fact that there are still to be found somewhere in our indifferent modern world audiences who can get really excited over discussions of art and literature. If we could only detach from the subject to which the pink envelopes of our newspapers are devoted even a small fraction of the popular interest which it commands, and divert this interest to some subject of high human concern, such as poetry or painting, we should accomplish something really worth while, and put all our expensive educational institutions to shame.

The bedlamite ravings of the futurists, and

their nightmare creations of the pen and the brush, have at least this of value: they arouse passions and provoke thought. Worthier objects of passion and thought there doubtless are in the world of art, but a lively interest in things æsthetic, even if stimulated by the most ignoble examples, is better than no interest at all, for that way lies spiritual stagnation. Thus in poetry a Marinetti or an Ezra Pound may have his uses, and the Muse in a pet, or a tantrum, although bad-mannered and unconcerned with the amenities of criticism, may serve to remind us of the existence of Parnassus, a fact which men batten on the moors of philistinism are in danger of forgetting. As Mr. Scott-James has just said in "The North American Review," "poetry has now become a mentionable subject in decent society," which is a condition of things that we must applaud, even if we owe it to poets and critics who browse upon only the lower slopes of the sacred hill or who wallow in the morasses at its base.

The futurist muse has very decided ideas of what she does not like in poetry, although the sort of thing she offers as a substitute is, to say the least, disconcerting. She is bent, according to Signor Marinetti, upon the destruction at any cost of these four intellectual poisons: "1, The sickly and nostalgic poetry of distance and recollection; 2, Romantic sentimentalism rippling in the moonlight, with its fatal ideal of woman-beauty; 3, The obsession of lust, with the triangle of adultery, the pepper of incest, and the exciting seasoning of sin in the Christian sense; 4, The deep passion for the past, accompanied by the craze of the antiquarian and collector." Poetry without these themes or sources of inspiration would be considerably at a loss, we should say. After such a clean sweep of his normal sustenance from the board, the poet might well feel himself, as Tennyson did after he had been FitzGerald's (vegetarian) guest for some weeks,

"A thing enskied
(As Shakespeare has it) airy light
To float above the ways of men."

The only writers of the past (poets or others) that futurism accepts as having at least groped toward the right path are Emile Zola, Walt Whitman, Rosny *ainé*, Paul Adam, Octave Mirbeau, Gustave Kahn, and Verhaeren. All the others are left to the outer darkness.

But we must not forget the automobile and the aeroplane and the blast furnace, for these are types of the energy which is so dear to the futurist mind, and are the effective substitutes of-

fered for all the sentimental rubbish of the past. With these symbols one can go far in the futurist world of creating, and it is no wonder that we find Signor Marinetti lecturing the English upon "ce déplorable Ruskin," who despised them so heartily. Futurism is nothing if not thorough-going, and it lays its axe at the very roots of the written language. Punctuation, adjectives, and adverbs are all to be abolished, and all verbs are to be used in the infinitive. When the rules of diction laid down for writers are relentlessly applied, we get such a farrago as the following, which is taken from a sample piece of descriptive writing devoted to the battle-field: "Tours canons virilité volées érection télémètre extase toumbtoub 3 secondes toumb-toub flots sourires rires ploff plouff glouglouglou cache-cache cristaux vierges chair bijoux perles iodes sels bromes jupons gaz liqueurs bulles 3 secondes." It reads like a cipher cable code, and if such is to be the literature of the future, we shall all have to begin our education over again. The futurist manifesto offers us one delightful rule of conduct so inclusive as to make most further directions superfluous. "We must spit upon the altar of art every day." Simple and to the point! Signor Marinetti reminds us of the bad boy who, in "The Session of the Poets," created a scandal by getting up and shouting: "I disbelieve wholly in everything! There!"

In a frequently quoted letter, Ibsen speaks of the time, now near at hand, when we shall advance with a leap into the coming age. "Hej! How ideas will tumble about us!" Ideas certainly tumble about us when we get into futurist company, and the *dégringolade* of the old æsthetic order assails our ears with such a clattering as might be imagined if the gentleman in the futurist painting, "Nu descendant l'escalier," should suddenly fall to pieces. It would be a matter for jest merely, were it not the logical outcome of that sinister tendency of our time to reject all the established teachings and ideals of the past, all the rules of conduct and canons of belief by which the social and the intellectual order have thus far been kept together, and the history of civilization held in continuity. If we dally overmuch with the destructive notions that are invading our political and social life on every hand, and refuse recognition to the old settled sanctities of conduct and belief, we shall assuredly be called upon to pay some kind of a penalty, and no light one, for our indecision. History will

always be mankind's best mentor, and the term "pastist," coined for reproach by our amusing futurist friends, will be accepted as a title of honor by every serious fighter for human welfare.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LIVING SIGNIFICANCE OF LATIN, a so-called dead language, has never been more convincingly demonstrated than by Miss Frances Ellis Sabin, assisted by Miss Loura B. Woodruff, in their excellent handbook on "The Relation of Latin to Practical Life," described in its sub-title as a collection of "concrete illustrations in the form of an exhibit." Miss Sabin, who is at the head of the Latin department in the Oak Park and River Forest (Illinois) Township High School, has undertaken to supply Latin teachers and Latin students with such unanswerable arguments in favor of Latin studies as shall forever stop the mouths of objectors to those studies. And her exhibit, as she calls it, is indeed impressive, showing, with the aid of graphic and other illustration, how the life and literature and language of ancient Rome are woven into the very texture of modern every-day thought and speech and action. Incidentally and unavoidably the significance of Greek to the world of to-day is often touched upon. An "outline" sketches in nine brief propositions the plan of the handbook, and sixty "exhibits" bring strikingly to one's notice the many and varied proofs of these propositions. Large wall-cards for the display of these proofs and illustrations accompany the handbook, the whole being prepared under the auspices of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, and procurable from Miss Sabin. The author's list of "problems of to-day" that were "live questions in Rome" is of especial interest. First comes a humorously appropriate cartoon by Mr. J. T. McCutcheon, and then the list: "The high cost of living, election of candidates by direct vote of the people, relation between business and politics, government control of public utilities, maintenance of the army and navy, graft in the business world, methods of taxation, corruption in politics, the race problem, the labor problem, capital punishment, foreign relations, lawlessness, suffrage, class privilege, eugenics, divorce, education, religion, immigration." Probably the most generally convincing demonstrations in the book are those dealing with language and literature and illustrating the indebtedness of our daily speech, our familiar allusions, our habits of thought, our reading and our writing, to the language and literature and life of ancient Rome. Ample room is left for additional illustrations on the large wall-cards, thus calling for originality and resourcefulness on the teacher's or lecturer's part. Mention should here be made also of the many authorities quoted in favor of classical studies in modern education.

REVISING THE VULGATE, in order to determine the exact wording of St. Jerome's Latin version of the fourth century, in compliance with the behest of Pope Pius X., will be a tremendous task for the commission appointed six years ago by papal decree. Individual members of that body will pass away and be replaced by others long before the work is completed, but the commission will abide, and will at last bring to an end the most stupendous undertaking in text-revision that the world has seen. Abbot Dom Gasquet, head of the Benedictine order in England, and chairman of the revision commission, has come to this country to report the progress already made in the great work and to solicit financial aid for its further prosecution. The biblical manuscripts to be hunted up and collated are beyond counting, but the ultimate fruits of all this dusty research will be, it is promised, of great value to Bible students of whatever shade of orthodoxy or heterodoxy. Benedictine scholars have been sent out by Abbot Gasquet to ransack the libraries and archives of Europe, from the sunny shores of the Mediterranean to the bleak steppes of northern Russia. Doors have been flung open to these emissaries, and mouldering piles of parchment submitted to their scrutiny, so that by this time some fourteen thousand biblical manuscripts, containing thirty thousand pages, have been brought to light. Since it was impossible to gather this mass of material in one place for necessary study and collation, the modern method of photography has been employed with the ancient texts, and eventually there will be completed at Rome a library of folio volumes displaying with minute accuracy all the variations that, as far as can be learned, the St. Jerome version has ever undergone. Already the book of Genesis has been thus revised and printed, and the Abbot hopes to live to see the completion of the Pentateuch and the Psalms. This is one of the scholarly labors that, like the Oxford English Dictionary and the Jewish Encyclopedia, inspire respect for the patient and commonly obscure and not too well-paid toiler in that field of arduous research whence issue so many of the useful and necessary literary tools that equip the reference rooms of our libraries, great and small.

THE HIGHEST PRAISE OF A WORK OF LITERATURE is perhaps contained in the reader's sigh of regret that he himself could not have been its author, a regret not infrequently accompanied by an idle and foolish fancy that he might have been its author if he had only thought of it in time. It is oftener the form than the substance of a piece of writing that evokes this feeling — the clothing in faultless language what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed. Blanco White's famous sonnet, "Night and Death," pronounced by many admirers to be the most nearly perfect sonnet in the English tongue, contains no thought that has not occurred, more or less vaguely, to hundreds of other ponderers on the mysteries of existence; but so apt is the imagery

and so fitting the language that one immediately recognizes a masterpiece in the little poem. Then, it may be, comes the query, Why did the English-speaking world have to wait so many centuries for this obviously best and, so to say, inevitable mode of expressing that thought? Another sonnet, chanced upon in a magazine ten years ago, struck at least one reader as voicing almost perfectly a thought familiar to thousands of reflective persons, but never before so aptly uttered. It was Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's poem entitled "Man's Hidden Side," conceived in a mood not so very unlike that which prompted White's "Death and Night." Let it here be reprinted, to give point to this paragraph.

"The Moon, that earthward turns her radiant face
As if she would without reserve confide
Herself to us, conceals a secret side
Whereof no mortal ever hopes to trace
The dark-environed clue. It is a place
Where strange abysmal phantasms may abide,
Where Gloom's abhorrent progenies may hide
Emprisoned by the ebon walls of Space.
Each one of us, however gay and bright
To those that dream they know us we appear,
However frankly we may keep in sight
Our alternating phases through the year,
Have, like the Moon, a side that lies in night,
Unknown to those to whom we are most dear."

READERS' HABITS are almost as many and varied as are the readers themselves. In support of this obvious proposition it will not here be necessary to adduce a multitude of instances, but it may be of interest to consider for a moment the very general tendency of the reading public to do unnecessary violence to books. The "gentle reader" leaves every book he reads in just as good condition, as far as the unaided eye can see, as when he began it. Not so the rude reader. At Mount Vernon, N.Y., where there is a considerable immigrant population, it has been found that books borrowed from the public library by the horny-handed sons of toil are not unlikely to receive hard usage. Especially is this true of books taken by Italian working men. Therefore it is that one now sees pasted on the covers of all Italian books in the library the following friendly appeal to the borrower (we give the English translation, retaining the familiar thou's and thee's): "This book is of wise advice and useful information for thee. Treat it well, as thou would'st a good friend. Do not rumple it. Do not soil it. Do not tear it. Think that after having been useful to thee it must be of service to a great number of thy compatriots. To damage it, to tear it, to soil it, would give a bad impression of thee and prevent other Italians getting benefit from this book. Respect this volume for the good name and for the advantage of Italians!" Moreover, as an object lesson where needed, a copy is exhibited of "The Immigrant's Guide" so completely used up in one borrowing as to be of no further service, and by its side is shown a copy of Dante's "Divina Commedia" printed at Venice in 1529, and still in as good condition as

when it left the press, nearly four centuries ago. Mr. John Foster Carr, in a recent address printed in "The Massachusetts Library Club Bulletin," relates the Mt. Vernon incident, and has other notable things to say about the relations between public library and foreigner.

THE FRANKLINISM OF MAYOR GAYNOR was not so marked as to ensure the future coupling of his name with that of the Philadelphia printer and philosopher, but it is true that both had something of the same shrewd common-sense and homely wisdom, that both could give apt and terse expression to this practical sagacity, and that both were men of the people, plain in their ways and simple in their tastes. Almost simultaneously with Mr. Gaynor's death there appears a volume entitled "Mayor Gaynor's Letters and Speeches," in which those interested in such comparisons can find passages not so very unlike in style the published letters of Franklin; at least there is the likeness of pronounced individuality, of honest intent, and of great readiness in the expression of thought and opinion. Each man was distinctly a "character," largely because each dared to be himself; and probably Franklin would have said of his own style of writing very much what the late mayor wrote in answer to an inquiry from a newspaper editor: "I fear you will find no art in my letters. . . . What is the best way to write things, you ask? Often the best way is not to write them. But if you do, the simple way is the best." In one respect, however, it would be difficult to find an equal to Franklin as a letter-writer and autobiographer, and that is the artless candor with which he tells us all the worst there is to be told about himself. Such astonishing frankness would be impossible with almost anyone else, and will be looked for in vain in Mr. Gaynor's writings, which, be it added, contain, here and there, more of acerbity, of passion, of lack of self-control and philosophic calm, than can be found in Franklin.

EARLY CALIFORNIA MAGAZINES, the product of an age when Californians might be supposed to have had enough to occupy them in the mere getting of a living, were of a number and a quality that reflect credit on the literary aspirations of those gold-digging pioneers of more than half a century ago. At the late eighteenth annual meeting of the California Library Association, succinctly reported in "News Notes of California Libraries," Mr. Robert E. Cowan of San Francisco presented a paper on "The Magazines of California." Besides the unsuccessful ventures that died a very early death, there were "The Pioneer," "Hutchinson's California Magazine," "The Hesperian," and "The California Mountaineer." Soon afterward appeared "The Overland Monthly," made illustrious by Bret Harte's connection with it, and still in existence. Later California magazines, such as "The Land of Sunshine," "Out West," "Sunset," and "The Pacific Monthly,"

are surprisingly numerous for a region comparatively sparse in its population, and their quality is creditable, sometimes even more than that. Many of California's early periodicals and newspapers have passed into utter oblivion because, Mr. Cowan says, "the libraries of early days neglected their opportunities, and at the present time disaffection is not altogether unknown. Much of the material for the history of California has disappeared forever because of the failure of those in responsibility to heed the fine old counsel, *carpe diem*." Perhaps, however, those in responsibility did heed the counsel, but in a too Horatian sense. A bibliographical study of California magazines will accompany Mr. Cowan's paper when it is printed in the proceedings of the meeting.

ALL OR NOTHING OF AN AUTHOR is the rule of a certain class of rigorously thorough readers, and there is something to be said in its favor. Still there is more than a grain of truth in the assertion made by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews in a recent magazine article on "Education through Reading," that "it is the mark of a great writer to have uttered a good deal of trash." Anyone can easily name, in the works of even his favorite author, certain books or parts of books that hardly add to the writer's fame. Who is there that reads with enthusiastic delight Shakespeare's "Pericles," or Scott's "St. Ronan's Well," or Dickens's "Hard Times," or Victor Hugo's long-winded digressions in "Les Misérables," or Browning's "Luria," or Longfellow's "New England Tragedies"? Voluminous writers must inevitably leave behind them much work inferior to their best, as they also leave much that is superior to their worst, and it is pure pedantry to insist on going straight through any given author after once beginning him. The mere satisfaction of being able to say that one has read all of Goethe, or Cowper, or Crabbe, or Thackeray, or James Fenimore Cooper, is not worth the labor required to win it, though many there are who read not for present enjoyment, but for the future fancied distinction of having read. President Andrews repeats the story of the young lady who wished to convey the impression of an acquaintance with Shakespeare, but when she was asked if she was familiar with "Romeo and Juliet," answered that she had often read "Romeo," but "Juliet" had always been out when she asked for it at the library. This recalls the utterance of another young lady who, after running over the entries under "Homer" in the card catalogue, proudly declared that she had read all his works except the *opera omnia*.

THE BOOKSELLER'S POINT OF VIEW is one that the librarian ought now and then to try to take, with an effort of the sympathetic imagination, when he find himself inclined to clamor too loudly for a more liberal discount on his purchases. The book-dealer must live, even though some near-sighted buyers of his wares may not see the necessity. In proof of the really considerate treatment accorded to his library customers by the seller of books,

listen to what Mr. William B. Clarke, the Boston bibliophile, said to the Massachusetts Library Club at its recent meeting in the halls of Williams College. His informal, heart-to-heart talk tended to show the exceeding smallness, if not less than nothingness, of the profit made on the sale of new books to libraries, as at present conducted. From the spring of 1912 to the spring of 1913 he had kept a careful record of the cost and sale of all books furnished to libraries at the regular library discount of ten per cent on net books and thirty-three and one-third per cent on others, and the final summing up demonstrated "a possible gross profit of .207 per cent against a 28 per cent expense; but as fifteen and one-half per cent of these books were returned, it left a gross profit on library sales for that year of .159 per cent against a 28 per cent expense. Unsalable books increased this loss still more when sold upon the bargain counter." This may not represent a fair average of profits realized, the world over, in supplying libraries with books; but it is certain that these institutions, with many dealers bidding for their trade, do receive a not illiberal treatment.

ORNATE ORATORY, such as we associate with the names of Burke and Chatham and Patrick Henry and statesmen generally of the eighteenth century, and such as we were wont to select for purposes of declamation in our school days, is not common in these degenerate times of hurry and hustle and hard common-sense. All the more gladly, therefore, do we hail its brief revival in our national legislature, where Representative Gray of Indiana recently relieved the tedium of a long summer's dragging deliberation over important issues with the following poetic effusion: "It has always been my practice to vote against the previous question where there has been no opportunity for full discussion. But this discussion began in the early springtime and has continued during the long, weary months of a torrid summer. The birds have nested and flown with their young; the flowers have bloomed and faded; the harvests have ripened and been garnered in; the beetles are already singing the dirges of a dying year; the fall has come with the sere and yellow leaf of decay, with wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere; the first breath of winter is upon our cheek to chill us. Looking squarely at my platform pledges to the people, I was ready to vote for the previous question." It need hardly be added that when the vote was taken, after this poetic burst in favor of the motion, it was triumphantly carried.

PROMISCUOUS READING, in a sense not usually attached to the phrase, came up for discussion some months ago at a meeting of the North Midland Library Association of England. A paper was read by the city librarian of Peterborough on the question of providing separate reading-rooms for women, and the substance of it was a strong argument for the mingling of the sexes in their use of the public

library's store of printed matter. Many of the older English libraries and even some of the newer ones have separate rooms for readers of the sex once known in that country as "gentle," but the Peterborough librarian advocated their abolition for the following five reasons: the recent educational and social advance of women has placed them in a position where they themselves cease to ask for separate reading-rooms; to provide such rooms where there is little or no demand for them would be an unwarranted expenditure; where there are such rooms they contain only papers and magazines peculiarly feminine in tone and character (and hence, presumably, not over-inviting to large numbers of women readers, or remarkably valuable as literature); duplication of other reading matter already available in the general reading-room is in most cases impossible because of the expense involved; and, finally, common reading-rooms for both sexes "tend to promote a better tone, a general raising of the standard of behaviour, and a keener appreciation of the whole institution." The editor of the *Baroda "Library Miscellany,"* commenting on the Peterborough librarian's paper, shows a far keener interest in the question than can be felt outside of India and the East, where the state of women is such that a special reading-room for their use is often necessary if they are to frequent the library at all.

ARMINIUS VAMBERY, who died September 15 in his eighty-second year, was a romantically interesting character as well as a very learned scholar, a daring explorer, and a prolific writer. Professor of oriental languages at Pesth University, he possessed a variety of learning, had been through a multitude of adventurous experiences, and was the holder of almost innumerable degrees and honors and society memberships, such as are boasted by few occupants of academic chairs. Hermann Bamberger was his German-Jewish name before he Magyarized it into Arminius Vambery. Among his best-known books are "Travels in Central Asia," "History of Bokhara," "Arminius Vambery: His Life and Adventures," "The Coming Struggle for India," "The Story of My Struggles," "Western Culture in Eastern Lands," and works on the literature, languages, and ethnography of Central Asia. He was born in poverty and forced to make his own way; by what means he succeeded in doing it is most interestingly told in his own autobiographical writings.

PECULIARITIES OF THE PAY COLLECTION of new fiction in public libraries come to our notice from time to time, but thus far it seems to have developed no objectionable traits such as might warrant its discontinuance. At Redlands, California, as is recorded in the Nineteenth Annual Report of the public library of that city, the original purpose was to let the pay collection include some of the ephemeral, temporarily popular fiction that it was thought undesirable to place permanently on the shelves. But the good people of Redlands did not view this policy with

unanimous approval, some of the citizens regarding it as contrary to the intent of a free public library. Consequently it was decided to offer no books to the paying patron that were not also placed at the disposal of those unwilling or unable to pay a modest fee for a special privilege. The little incident is strikingly illustrative of certain not too amiable qualities in our common human nature. But there is one slightly redeeming feature to its unloveliness: on the Pacific coast the copper cent is all but unknown, so that not even the most rapid reader of a pay-collection novel could escape the necessity of parting with at least five cents for the privilege enjoyed — a difference that would amount to something considerable in the case of a novel-a-day reader.

THE AUTHOR OF "ON THE BRANCH," known in the world of books as "Pierre de Coulevain," but whom the well-informed cataloguer places under "F" as "Mlle. Favre de Coulevain," leaves many readers to regret her too-early death. Report avers that she was born in 1845 at Geneva, a suitable birthplace for one of her cosmopolitan tastes and international fame. She was a close observer of manners and customs, as can be seen in such works of hers as "L'Ile Inconnue," in which persons and things British are subjected to her scrutiny, and "Noblesse Américaine," a title that explains itself. "Eve Victorieuse" and "Sur la Branche" are also among her well-known books. Translations of her chief works have appeared in English, if not also in other languages. From at least one of them, "The Unknown Isle," interesting revelations and hints as to her personal history may be obtained. "On the Branch" (rather perplexing in its title) has proved a popular novel in its English dress — as also in its original French.

MINUTELY SUBDIVIDED LITERATURE is clearly to be found on the shelves of the public library that makes the following announcement in its latest Bulletin: "The reclassification of the library, which has been going on since last October, divides the books into ten main divisions, each division is then divided into ten sub-divisions, and each sub-division is again divided into ten divisions; making in all some ten thousand different subject headings under which the books are classified. The library contains books on all these various subjects. Is there not one subject in which you are especially interested?" Who would have thought that the products of literary inspiration could group themselves so symmetrically in a great army of books divided and sub-divided and sub-sub-divided by a constant divisor, ten? And with the increase of specialization in authorship, as in every other industry, will this process of sub-division continue until we have, not ten thousand, but ten times ten thousand little classes of literature, and presently ten times the latter number, and so on *ad infinitum*? The brain reels at the thought, and visions arise of mad-houses filled with ex-cataloguers from all over the library world.

THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL: SOME TENDENCIES.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

At the beginning of another publishing season, when the air is darkened with announcements of new books by the recognized concocters of fiction, it is customary for the press of this country to give a kindly word or two to the art of novel-writing. For this is the slack time of the year: most Londoners are out of town, enjoying their autumnal holiday; and there is not much of importance in the way of social or other domestic news. Parliament is up; the Balkan imbroglio, as a topic, has lost interest; Mexico is a long way off. Thus it happens that the hard-worked journalist turns his attention for a moment to matters of lighter import. He has made his annual discovery. Last year he found out that the novel had a tendency to increase in length. For some time an impassioned controversy was carried on as to the proper measure of a modern work of fiction. Should it be eighty thousand words (which had hitherto been regarded as normal), or something over a hundred and fifty thousand, as the Caines and Corellis, the Hichens and Bennetts, appeared to prefer? At length an ingenious writer settled the matter by putting forward the unanswerable dictum that a novel should contain just as many words as were necessary for the adequate treatment of the story. Upon this the throng of popular novelists who had been contributing their various views to the discussion went back sadly to their work, wishing that they had thought of this excellent solution themselves. But I do not know that many of them have acted upon it since.

The discovery that has been made this year opens up, perhaps, a more interesting question. It is stated that the love interest is going out of fashion. That is to say, it is taking a secondary place. A well-known publisher comes forward to say that very few novels are submitted to him nowadays in which love, romantic or otherwise, forms the main motive. It is true that there is still, generally, a marriage somewhere in the book, but this no longer stands out as the one and only matter of real importance in the life of the characters concerned. Our novelists, it seems, are beginning to acquire a sense of proportion: they have at last recognized that it may be possible to interest readers in other subjects — in politics, or sociology, or Votes for Women. Their characters may be in love, but they do not waste all their time over it: they have other things to do in the world besides gazing at the moon and sighing for each other. All of which is, no doubt, a considerable step in the right direction.

In the higher circles of fiction we may also congratulate ourselves upon the gradual extinction of the "happy-ever-after" school. This Victorian formula had a long and prosperous career, but it cannot be denied that it began to exasperate the judicious reader. The fiction monger of that epoch used to conduct his couple to the altar, after innumerable vicissitudes, and leave them there at the close of the last chapter, with the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March still ringing in their ears, with the tacit assumption that the real business of their lives was now over. It was a formula. The novelist is compelled, by the nature of his craft, to adopt certain conventions, but it is as well that he should change them from time to time. Even in our youth we could never quite believe in this postulate of theirs. It was too obviously at variance with the stern facts of human life. Clearly there were many married couples

of our acquaintance whose state of bliss was incomplete. And, though we could not, by the nature of things, know very much about the matter, our minds rebelled against the thought that marriage should descend upon the happy couple like a rosy mist, cutting them off from any further participation in the drama of life. We were convinced that the most interesting period of their career was just beginning. They had only a superficial knowledge of each other's characters. They may have been devotedly attached to the ideals they had formed in their own minds, but we had a shrewd suspicion that these would not survive very long the closer analysis of domestic life. How would she get on with the servants, and how would he behave under the stress of leaking water-pipes and kitchen boilers and the noise of fractious or playful children? Clearly the wedding bells should come at the beginning of the story rather than the close.

Briefly put, the above is the substance of the position taken up by our London journal. It touches, as you may perceive, only the fringe of the subject, and it is perhaps not strictly fair in its estimate of our Victorian novelists. Some of these adventured, successfully enough, into the post-matrimonial period, — George Eliot, for example, wrote "Middlemarch" more than forty years ago. And, for the rest, a novelist must stop somewhere, — preferably before the anti-climax. If he is out to tell a love story, the wedding of hero and heroine forms a more suitable halting-place than any other.

The Victorian formula is not dead. In all probability it will last as long as the art of fiction. But I agree that it is no longer so prevalent as it was. Novelists have shown a tendency for some time to split up into sections; and those who still practice the romantic love story, pure and simple, have dropped to a lower plane in the estimation of critical readers. They still have their stars: some writers in this form, Mr. Charles Garvice, for instance, enjoy as large a sale as many men with more admired reputations. But they appeal, if I may say so without offence, to a less sophisticated circle. From the commercial point of view, it may be argued that this is by far the best circle to address. It is large, and growing: year by year the half-educated mass of the population assists to swell its ranks. We possess in England at the present time a class of readers who have just been admitted to the simpler joys of literature. They are, as yet, easily tired; they do not want anything that makes the slightest demand upon their dormant faculty of reason; they require stories with a sufficiency of exciting interest and as much sentiment as can be crowded between the covers of a single book. To these the romantic love story, in all its pristine simplicity, still makes the strongest appeal, and the enterprising craftsman who gave them anything else would soon find the best of reasons for regretting his temerity. Numerically, the servant girl and the wife of the small tradesman make up the bulk of our novel-readers to-day. And they want Romance and plenty of it: it is for them that our industrious leaders of the paper-covered book market contrive their entrancing stories of noblemen who seek their mates, not in the gilded halls of their peers, but from the flower girls in Piccadilly Circus or from the beggar maidens who wander homeless on the Thames Embankment. It does not concern them that the flower-sellers in the Circus are mostly ladies of a mature age, and that beggar maidens are rarely, if ever, to be found on the Embankment. Their work has no relation to life as it is: they depict some imaginary fairyland in which the conven-

tions of generations of sentimental predecessors take the place of real facts.

Like most trades, this of the fiction-writer discovers a tendency to split up into numerous subdivisions. We still possess a few men who range freely, who seek to make the Universe their province; but the majority select their own little patch, cultivating it with only an occasional incursion into strange fields. Indeed, the practice of novel-writing is now so universally diffused that the only chance for a new man is to specialise,—to make, if possible, a name for himself in some not too crowded enclosure. Thus we have Mr. Arnold Bennett, who has done for the "Five Towns" of Staffordshire, the Potteries district, nearly as much as Mr. Thomas Hardy did for his Wessex. We have had Mr. Barrie and Mr. S. R. Crockett, and a host of others in various parts of North Britain; Ireland has been handled by "G. A. Birmingham," Somerville and Ross, Mr. Shan F. Bullock, and a goodly band of ardent Celts; Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch rarely stir from the little sections of Devon and Cornwall that they have respectively marked for their own. Wales and Essex, Yorkshire and the fells of Cumberland,—each possesses one or more capable writers of fiction who confine themselves pretty closely to their own particular districts. And it is not only in locality that we specialize. There is an increasing tendency for our authors to confine themselves to a single subject, or even to a single type of character. Sociology has spread its tentacles, like some gigantic octopus, over all the recent novels of Mr. H. G. Wells, until there is some danger of the intrusive monster squeezing the life and interest out of his stories. Dr. Conan Doyle appears to have got himself entangled with a group of scientists and sportsmen, seeking adventure after the manner of the somewhat wooden figures created by the late Jules Verne. For a long time Mr. W. J. Locke was infected with the spirit of his *Happy Vagabond*, just as the author of "*Raffles*" seemed unable to get away from the society of that gentlemanly burglar. And there are, of course, a whole crowd of more or less capable writers who confine themselves to detective stories, or to melodramatic serials for the halfpenny papers, or to some other branch of their art for which they, or their agents, imagine they possess a special aptitude.

I say their agents, for it is undoubtedly to these gentlemen that we owe a good deal of this specialization in modern fiction. Let a man once score a success in a story, and it is certain that every effort will be made by his business manager to induce him to work the vein that he has been fortunate enough to strike until there is nothing left. It demands considerable force of character on the part of the author to refuse. From the commercial point of view, it is no doubt a mistake to leave a mine that still promises a good yield; from the artistic standpoint it has often proved a fatal error to begin attempting to repeat a past success. To imitate oneself may be morally more defensible than to imitate others; artistically it is the greater blunder.

The public likes to have some idea of the sort of stuff it is going to get for its money. This in itself forms a strong inducement towards specialization. Those of our authors who feel an irresistible inclination to wander from the beaten track, to escape from the groove that the agent or the publisher has marked out for them, can always find means of regaining their liberty. I have been acquainted with more than one novelist who employed pseudonyms when they desired to publish some-

thing in a different *genre* from their usual work. Others, with Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, divide their works into several categories, classifying some of their stories as fantasies or romances instead of novels. It is permissible to cultivate more than one field as long as the boundaries are kept well marked. Perhaps, too, it would be impossible for any one author to do much more than this. The serious novelist, as apart from the simple story-teller, is expected to deal with what he knows: his imagination should at the least have a basis in solid experience; and, though some of us have lived strange lives, we are generally a little at sea when it becomes a question of dealing convincingly with the more violent crimes.

Instinctively the author turns to the subjects that he knows best. And of romantic love there is probably no extant writer who does not imagine himself to have sufficient knowledge. Probably it is the most interesting, the most illuminating, experience that has ever fallen to his lot. This is why the love story, pure and simple, will never altogether die out. But it is a fact that we handle it with an increasing subtlety—if we wish to get a hearing somewhere else than in the servants' hall.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

London, September 20, 1913.

COMMUNICATION.

THE BRONTË LETTERS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Base interpretation, reflecting sadly on the life of a great woman, is, I believe, the result of the publication of the Brontë letters in the London "Times." The letters, as I understand, have been construed to disclose the love of a woman for a man who is indifferent to her,—so indifferent that he scribbles vulgar memoranda on her persistent, amorous communications. This unpleasant insinuation, so unworthy of Charlotte Brontë, is refuted definitely and finally in "*Villette*" itself. Charlotte Brontë never would have offered her love where it was unwelcome; such an act was opposed to her whole theory of life. (And, once for all, in this parenthesis, I disclaim, with the utmost scorn, every speaking suspicion of what are called "warmer feelings." Women do not entertain these "warmer feelings" where, from the commencement, through the whole progress of an acquaintance, they have never once been cheated of the conviction that to do so would be to commit a mortal absurdity; nobody ever launches into love unless he has seen or dreamed the rising of Hope's star over Love's troubled waters.) Who could doubt the almost quixotic chastity of the woman who wrote these words?—

"I could not have expressed . . . such thought—such scruple—without risk of exciting a tyrannous self-contempt; of kindling an inward fire of shame so quenchless, and so devouring, that I think it would soon have licked up the very life in my veins."

Charlotte Brontë's life was largely mental; she attached a significance, "rooted and active," to friendship, its evidences and its tokens; a mere letter from a friend was to her almost as vital as life itself,—a source of inexpressible joy or unutterable woe. "*Villette*" furnishes countless proofs of this fact.

BERNARD SOBEL.

Lafayette, Ind., Sept. 22, 1913.

The New Books.

MR. SAINTSBURY ON THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

To ride solitary up the tourney field and ring one's spear in challenge against the Templar's shield,—something like that it is to differ with Mr. Saintsbury in literary matters. Not that he has any of the qualities of Scott's bold, bad champion; but his equipment in criticism is so complete, the mass of critical work behind him so formidable, that the mere blazoning on his tent, the fluttering of his pennon, are enough to keep challengers away. How one pair of eyes could have gathered in the harvest which he has stacked up and pressed down in his "History of Criticism" is beyond our feeble powers to understand. And he displays his acquisitions in a way to enhance their value. He is not only *in* literature, but *of* it. We would almost rather read Mr. Saintsbury than the authors he writes about; and in a good many cases we admit that is what we have done. There is only one flaw in his panoply. He seems to have had little metaphysical training,—at least, like Arnold himself, he scorns philosophy and bids it begone from the field of criticism, where innate and educated taste is the only guide and director. Well, it is possible to lay a course by the stars and dead reckoning, but the compass is a handy invention.

Mr. Saintsbury's new book, "The English Novel," exhibits his immense reading and his gift of reanimating dry bones, as did his "History of Criticism." It would be interesting to know which course of reading he found most wearisome,—the forgotten or half-forgotten critics of Europe, or the dead or little-read novelists of England. Our first point of quarrel with him is in regard to the position of the novel itself in literature. We quote the words with which he concludes his book:

"In the finest of its already existing examples it hardly yields in accomplishment even to poetry; in that great secondary (if secondary) office of all Art—to redress the apparent injustice, and console for the apparent unkindness of Nature—to serve as a rest and refreshment between those exactions of life which, though neither unjust nor unkind, are burdensome, it has no equal among all the kinds of Art itself."

The second part of this sentence is undoubtedly true as regards human beings to-day; but it is only true, we believe, because there has been a

general weakening of intellectual fibre, a relaxation in the power of attention, largely brought about by the excessive use of novels themselves, which have indisposed people for other forms of art, though these intrinsically may have more consolation and refreshment in them. If we could bring back to life a Greek of the time of Pericles, or even an Englishman of the time of Pope, neither one of them might find much consolation or refreshment in the English novel. Pope concentrated a hundred novels in the Satires and Epistles, and a contemporary of his might prefer his portable phrases to the diluted exposition of human nature in the modern novel. It must be remembered that the novel has only been in vogue, been the fashionable form of literature, for a hundred years. The reign of the novel began with "Waverley." Great novels had been written before that, but the form had always been considered a secondary and inferior one.

The first part of Mr. Saintsbury's sentence quoted above we should challenge altogether; and we believe that he is too good a critic, too true a judge of literary values, to defend it. There are three things that make literature valuable,—thought, adequate or beautiful verbal expression, and the creative projection of human figures. Thought is the common possession of all forms of literature. You must have something to say before you can write at all. There is no reason why a novel should not be as profound as a philosophical treatise or a great drama or poem. It may be a mere accident that no novel in existence does rank with the great Bibles of the world, or with the "Prometheus," "De Rerum Natura," "Hamlet," or "Faust."

In the matter of expression, it is simply absurd to compare the very best prose of the very best novels with the verse of the great poets. These last not only have given us a sensuous form, music and sculptured perfection, which always delighted the world, until the flood of novels washed out of its mind the power of appreciating distinction, but by their superior concentration they have made a thousand phrases which have entered into common parlance where the novelists have made one.

In creativeness the novel may seem to be more on a level with other forms of literature; but even here the palm is not for it. The great figures of fiction which dominate man's imagination, which have really swayed and moulded his life, are almost exclusively the protagonists of plays or poems. Rama, Rustam, Achilles, Prometheus, Hamlet, Lear, and fifty others,—

* THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By George Saintsbury. "Channels of English Literature." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

these are kings whose reigns have been not over single countries but over whole continents, whose dominion has lasted not for a few years but for many centuries. The novel in its whole period of existence has projected but one creation that can rank with them—Don Quixote. That it has produced one may be an argument that it can bring forth more; but until it does so, it is unwise to claim for it an equality of accomplishment with poetry. Secondary characters of great power and charm and beauty the novel has to its credit in vast numbers, but so has poetry and the drama. And these secondary characters of poetry retain a certain superiority. Has any hero of any French novel whatever exercised as much influence over the French mind as the hero of Corneille's play, "*Le Cid*"? We doubt it. Has any English heroine fascinated as many men or reproduced herself in the moods and manners of as many girls as Shakespeare's *Rosalind*? We are quite certain that none has.

What is a novel? Mr. Saintsbury nowhere definitely defines the genus; but the main purpose and most skillfully executed design of his book is to aggrandize one of its species,—the novel of manners as the central type, any aberration from which is a falling away from perfection. Why the novel of manners should be central any more than the comedy of manners is central in the drama, it would be hard to explain. Tragedy, romantic comedy, fantastic comedy, all outrank satirical comedy of contemporary life. Few critics would place "*The School for Scandal*" on a level with "*King Lear*," "*The Tempest*," or "*The Clouds*" of Aristophanes. Is there any reason why it should be different in the novel? Neither the name nor the genesis of the novel indicates any such reason. Novel means something new, and presumably startling. The first novel we have, "*The Golden Ass*" of Apuleius, is a wild and grotesque tale of adventure. The early novels of Spain and Italy were of a similar character, except when they told discreditable tales of domestic life which we can at least hope were not a true reflection of average humanity. The close study of quiet, unexciting contemporary life is really a late arrival in the novel field, and even yet it cannot vie in popularity with other varieties.

But Mr. Saintsbury is determined to see in this latter type the hoped-for accomplishment of all that the novel can do. His book is constructed to make Jane Austen appear the apex of the English novel, up to whom everything previous led, and since whom everything has

sloped down towards the abyss. He gives a really magnificent exposition of the art of the eighteenth century novelists, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne; but he calls them "*The Four Wheels*,"—meaning, we suppose, the wheels of the chariot which is to bear Jane Austen to triumph. He slurs over Scott, hurries past Dickens, and, what is more surprising, half ignores Thackeray, in order to exalt his favored queen.

What is the mystery of Jane Austen's superiority? Mr. Saintsbury seems to think that the life she depicts is more normal than that of any other novelist, and that she realizes it better. Now we do not believe that the life of the little coteries of county families which Jane Austen gives us is a particle more normal than the life which Disraeli describes in "*Coningsby*," or the life which Herman Melville projects in "*Typee*." There are communities existing in the world to-day that go about like the old Hindoo sect "*sky clothed*" and eat their dead enemies with innocent gusto, but who certainly consider their lives absolutely normal.

Every literary artist must observe and must imagine. The life he deals with must go through the alembic of his brain and suffer a quantitative and qualitative change there. Miss Bates is no more "*real*" than Meg Merrilies. In her way she is quite as astonishing and as eloquent as the gypsy. Who ever knew a Miss Bates who revealed her character with every word she spoke and never faltered in stroke upon stroke of self-revelation? Jane Austen gives us the concentrated essence of Miss Bates, and we might have lived with the original twenty years without knowing her as well as we do in an hour's reading. But this is the secret of all successful character creation, and Miss Bates is made by the same formula as Justice Shallow, Sir Toby Belch, Parson Adams, Dominie Sampson, and Micawber. The only difference is that she is not as interesting in herself as these others. In two characters, Mr. Collins and Lady Catherine de Burgh, Miss Austen did, by allowing herself a little more exaggeration than usual, achieve veritable triumphs. But what we want to insist on is that all her successful figures are made and modelled as every other good artist has wrought his. All of them ride hobby-horses. Mr. Bennett is always the ironical philosopher whose business it is to extract amusement from his wife and daughters. Mr. Woodhouse is always the valitudinarian who invites people to dinner and then advises them not to eat anything. Emma is always the intermeddling angel who

disastrously manages other people's affairs. And so on. There is no new creative method. The fact that the hobby-horses ridden by these amiable people are rather tame livery hacks, and that they do not prance and caracole like the steeds trotted out by *My Uncle Toby*, *Jonathan Oldbuck*, *Jingle*, or *Sairey Gamp*, does not change the fact of their truth to type. And the fact that Miss Austen has only two preëminently fine creations, whereas Fielding, Scott, and Dickens have twenty, fifty, one hundred; and the further fact that the worlds projected by these novelists are immeasurably larger, nobler, more varied, than Jane Austen's narrow little domain,—all this would seem to negative the idea that she is the culmination and climax of the art of novel-writing.

We have no share in the second sight which Mr. Saintsbury as a Scotsman or a dweller in Scotland ought to be gifted with; but we can imagine a great critic of the future, a Mr. Saintsbury of the twenty-first century, writing of this book something as follows: "In the time of this critic there raged all over the world a craze for novels, somewhat analogous to the tulip mania in Holland or the excitement of the South Sea Bubble. Vast prices were paid for these curious and unsubstantial specimens of literature; and the poet, the dramatist, and the thinker were relegated into the background. Especially did the critics of that day dote on the tame studies of ordinary life such as a schoolgirl with no experience could easily turn out. Luckily we have recovered from this lunacy, and the bloated and formless novelthing has been shown its proper place in literature, while the clear-cut, definite forms of art, the lyric, the narrative poem, and the drama, have come into their own. And the novels of the past, the huge galleons of a vast Armada, lie scattered or sunk around the shores of that fair island of Art, which they started out so proudly to conquer."

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

THE GAME OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.*

The running comment on current national and international affairs embodied in the volume entitled "Problems of Power," by Mr. William Morton Fullerton, for several years a correspondent of the London "Times," makes stimulating reading, and leaves no doubt that

*PROBLEMS OF POWER. A Study of International Politics from Sadowa to Kirk-Kilise. By William Morton Fullerton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the author has an intimate knowledge of at least considerable portions of his subject. But though the book is written in an easy style, it will hardly be read by the generality of men because it presupposes a knowledge of modern national and world politics that very few possess.

The treatment is by all odds at its best in the portions which deal with the domestic affairs, both political and social, of France. Here the author's knowledge is evidently based on personal observation at close range, and consequently what he tells us about the present constitution and government of France, and their relation to Clericalism and Reaction on the one hand and Syndicalism and machine politics on the other, is illuminating in the highest degree.

Mr. Fullerton has also a good deal to say about other nations and peoples. His remarks about the United States are worthy of especial note. The American, having long since been labelled a dollar-chaser, will be surprised and probably gratified to find that "idealism is the most characteristic note of the American character." However, we do not escape criticism. In repudiating their war debts the Confederate States took a step which is paralleled in our times only by the action of certain Central American States. The American is too much given to sport: his newspapers devote as much space to games as they do to home politics, and infinitely more than they do to foreign politics. Like others, the American is growing irreligious; he is also coming to believe that his favorite theory of equal rights has been tried and found wanting. He is realizing, though slowly, that his isolation in international affairs is coming to an end, partly as a result of the taking of the Philippines, partly and chiefly in consequence of the construction of the Panama Canal. A further result of the latter enterprise will probably be that the American will be forced to conform his favorite principle of the Monroe Doctrine to the Law of Nations.

The domestic affairs of the several nations appear in this treatise only to give a basis for the discussion of international relations. Obviously one cannot in a few lines give an adequate résumé of a study involving a multitude of details. Mr. Fullerton tells us that Germany carried on a highly, almost superhumanly, successful foreign policy from the time of Bismarck to 1898, "the critical year." In that period she managed to draw Austria and presently Italy into association with her in the form of the Triple Alliance. Consequently she could

face the French desire for revenge with equanimity,—indeed, by virtue of her influence at St. Petersburg and of England's policy of "splendid isolation," she was really the dominant factor in all international matters. In 1898 her leadership began to be feared and presently contested. France and Russia had already become friendly, the events of the South African War swept England into association with them, and presently the Triple Alliance was confronted with a competent rival in the Triple Entente. Germany, perceiving the diminution of her influence under these tendencies, has sought by every device known to diplomacy to disrupt the Triple Entente,—with the contrary result of solidifying it and seeing her own power decline until it was practically broken by the course of the recent Balkan War. "Kirk-Kilissé marks the end of an epoch, the Bismarckian, and the beginning of a new era."

International affairs, which in general are not as satisfactorily treated as the domestic affairs of France, suffer still further because they are discussed with a considerable bias. Mr. Fullerton is a Germanophobe, and he can find little good proceeding from Berlin.

"While France is still, in the conventional way, loyal to the appeal of great principles, respectful of accepted ideals of international law, and of recognized notions of justice, and correspondingly indifferent to the pure material aspects of any problem, . . . Germany, the great modern *parvenu* power, bereft of all deep-rooted historical traditions, unrestrained by precedent—save that of the original sin of Alsace-Lorraine—has been able to put herself abreast of the time and adopt methods best fitted to a period dominated by economic interests. . . . But the British principle that 'business is business' has never, even in England, been allowed to become the sole principle of diplomatic action."

The rhetoric of these sentences is more correct than their content. There is no less history back of Germany than of France, and their present governments are practically of the same age. And as for the restraint of precedent, it is ludicrous to suppose that the precedents represented by the policies of France under the Bourbons and Napoleons, or by England's policies in China, South Africa, or Persia—none of which give evidence of being better than German policies—are of a kind to act as a wholesome restraint. If Germany is without such precedents she is thrice blessed.

This tendency to pronounce the policies of the several nations good or bad according as they harmonize or conflict with England's interests runs through the whole volume. For example, Mr. Fullerton tells us that the United States ought to abandon the Monroe Doctrine.

But then, being "innocent" in international matters, we ought to avoid being drawn into an alliance with Germany; for if this happened the United States "would have to bear the responsibility of an act which would upset the entire balance of power in Europe, and result in a war involving the interests of the entire population of our planet."

"Were the Americans of the United States, in the present state of the world, to succumb to the blandishments of Germany, and accept any exclusive arrangement with that Power, they would be selling their birthright, sacrificing the essentials of what has made their history worth anything in the world's annals, and losing their 'lives, their fortune and their sacred honor.'"

Horrible, if true! If, however, we withstand the "blandishments" of Germany, which would draw us into an international gang of land-grabbers, and ally ourselves with England and France, we shall secure the peace of the world; "for the only influence in the world capable of putting an end to these predatory methods are the combined forces of the new British Empire, and a *self-denying* United States and France." (The italics are the reviewer's.) This *dictum* does not at all agree with England's recent seizure of a "sphere of influence" in Persia,—a high-handed act which makes it apparent that not only France and the United States, but the new British Empire as well, should be "self-denying."

EDWARD B. KREHBIEL.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND HIS WORK.*

A personality as fascinating as that of William Morris can scarcely fail to attract students. Indeed, there is warrant, aside from the two books we are about to consider, for the belief that interest in Morris and his thought is steadily increasing. And this is a hopeful sign; for his message is important and ought not to pass unheeded.

Mr. John Drinkwater has endeavored to estimate with critical exactitude the poetical achievement of a many-sided artist. His well-written book is in our opinion the most important contribution that has been made to the criticism of William Morris's poetry, and is, considered by itself, a notable critical work. Perhaps the chief thing he does is to insist, with well-placed emphasis, that Morris, in devoting

* WILLIAM MORRIS: A CRITICAL STUDY. By John Drinkwater. With portrait. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

WILLIAM MORRIS: A STUDY IN PERSONALITY. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. With Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. With portrait. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

himself to art, was not trying to get as far away as possible from an unlovely and detested world, but was by that very devotion doing the best work possible for that world. Thus his writing of poetry was not merely a solace, a kind of evening recreation after the arduous work of the day, but was a necessary part of the day's work, as useful and indispensable as any other labor; and in so treating it, Morris was putting into practice the teaching of his great master Ruskin.

Another interesting point which Mr. Drinkwater insists upon, though with less success, is that Morris, essentially a narrative poet, had a fine understanding of the essential nature of dramatic poetry, in which chiefly "the development of character and the progress of idea through the medium of action" are to be shown. "Sir Peter Harpdon's End" at least demonstrates this well; but Mr. Drinkwater is forced to admit that "Love is Enough" is in structure something of a failure, in that Pharamond, "instead of passing swiftly from stage to stage in pursuit of his end and showing us that love is enough, pauses for long periods to tell us that love is enough." In other words, Morris, expressing himself in a somewhat unusual medium, was carried away by the lyrical impulse, and made no strong effort to satisfy rigidly the demands of dramatic construction.

On the subject of popular heroes Mr. Drinkwater has some wise remarks (pp. 106 f.) which deserve to be quoted:

"We decorate and honour our soldiers whose business, be it to destroy or to be destroyed, is, in any case, connected with destruction; those of our lawyers who are chiefly concerned with restraint and punishment; our politicians who spend their time protecting us from assaults of neighbours and communities as commercially rapacious as ourselves, or, in their more enlightened moments, in adjusting wrongs that are the dregs in the cup of civilization. The functions of these men may be necessities of society, but they nevertheless apply to the small negative aspect of our state and not the great normal life. It is that which is, rightly, the concern of our creative artists; but our creative artists are not decorated and honoured by the nation as such. . . . Nationally we acclaim the negative and neglect the positive manifestations of man. Morris's art was, implicitly, a challenge to this temper and a means of escape from it."

Our only criticism of this view is that it is not half strongly enough put. America is sadly afflicted with the same disease; her legislators would rather build battleships than universities or museums, and while voting pensions recklessly to the old soldiers, would not give a dime of government money to a starving poet or painter or teacher. It is this attitude of mind that we

insist should be met by the gospel of Ruskin and Morris.

Mr. Drinkwater's book contains a few bad misprints. It was in 1857, not 1875 (p. 46), that Rossetti conceived the scheme of paintings for the Union. For "Glance" (p. 98) read "Glauce." For "Hemir" (p. 142) read "Heimir." For "Feurir" (p. 143) read "Fenrir." P. 142, l. 2, read: "and of brother," etc. On p. 189, l. 11, does not the writer mean "affect"?

Believing that there was still room for a study dealing with the personality of Morris, Mr. Arthur Compton Rickett has essayed to fill the gap. If one is thus led to expect from his volume a new fund of stories or an anecdotal biography, one is sure to be disappointed. Although the author "has sought the firsthand impressions of as many, as possible, of Morris's intimates and acquaintances," he has quoted very few—Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Sir William Richmond, Mr. Belford Bax, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Walter Crane, Wilfrid Seawen Blunt, and a few others, some anonymous. Nor can it be said that in this respect we get from his book much that is really new. For though it may be true, as he suggests, that "whereas X may see certain traits clearly, Z will see other points more vividly," on the other hand it is to be said that Morris's nature was by no means subtle or difficult to understand; nor was he in any sense like Paul, who sought to be all things to all men. Morris had many interests, and, as some would put it, many talents, all of which he used. His activity brought him into contact with many different types of men; but to all he was much the same—bluff, hearty, hot-tempered, warm-hearted, positive, eager to see his ideas and ideals make headway in the world, a hater of shams, and above all a lover of beauty. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is no extraordinary variety in the accounts of him contributed to this volume by his friends. Yet we would not be understood as implying that they are devoid of interest; altogether, the section called "The Manner of Man" gives us a very pleasing account of Morris's personality.

In discussing Morris's poetry, Mr. Rickett remarks that "he was not a great poet; for to the great poet rhythmic beauty is the one and inevitable expression of his creative imagination." We shall not insist that Morris was a great poet; but the reason was not, we think, that he expressed himself also in other forms, as painting and design. It is idle to assert that

because a man can do three things he cannot do one thing supremely well; it is merely a vicious *post hoc, propter hoc*. If Morris missed the divine spark of the supreme genius, the cause is not, in our opinion, assignable by human judgment. Some have alleged that he was too facile, that he wrote too easily; others have complained of his excessive narrowness; still others, of his sham medievalism. That he was not seriously at fault in any one of these particulars can, we think, be successfully contended; yet this is not to assert that his place is with Shakespeare or Homer. Even the Bard of Avon (it is now permitted us to believe) was not impeccable, nor did he always write poetry of supreme loveliness; yet few dispute his supremacy. Morris himself excelled others in at least some points; Mr. Rickett rightly points out the general clarity, the ease, and the level excellence of his verse, in which he was superior to many of his great predecessors.

The least satisfactory chapter in Mr. Rickett's book is that in which he discusses Morris as a craftsman. His account of Morris's activities in design is somewhat bare and meagre. He reproduces, of course, the prospectus of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co., but says little as to the variety or the extent or the success of their business. We should like to know about some of the churches and other buildings, public or private, which have been enriched by their windows or other products; more about the revolution in popular taste which their work effected. Moreover, this chapter needs illustrations, which Miss Cary in her volume fortunately provided. In fact, the work and influence of Morris as a designer, the work in which he gloried, calling himself proudly "a master artisan," has yet to be adequately described.

Mr. Rickett is more fortunate in setting forth Morris's views on social reform. Whatever we may think of Socialism, there can be no doubt that Morris presents his noblest aspect when viewed as a teacher of society. Writing romances or toiling at Merton Abbey was far more congenial to him; but he saw that before the beauty he loved could be generally appreciated and sought after, the whole attitude of society must be changed, and competition must give way to coöperation. Competition may be the life of business; but being based essentially on selfishness, it inevitably leads to wrong notions about work and its products. The world has gone so far in the wrong direction that it will take a long time to reconstruct things; and probably some of the notions of the early

Socialists will prove utterly unsuited to the coming State; but their fundamental contention seems sound, and we appear to be moving steadily toward its realization.

To the popularization of the Socialistic creed Morris undoubtedly contributed much. But it is not as a Socialist that he will be longest remembered, or even as a designer and adorning of our everyday world. When the social abuses against which he strove shall have been forgotten, when even the buildings which his art adorned shall have crumbled, men will still, we believe, delight in the tales in which our modern Chaucer set forth with imperishable dignity and grandeur the elemental passions of that romantic world, ever old yet ever new, which was to him so real, so possible that he sought constantly to bring it into actual being—the world of Jason, and Alcestis, and Paris, and Ogier the Dane, and Gudrun, and Sigurd, and Brynhild. As a teller of tales, he stands by himself; and in the long pageant of time the age which produced him can never be put to shame.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

MEN AND EVENTS IN OUR EARLY NAVAL HISTORY.*

In narrating in detail the services performed by our cruisers and privateers in the Revolutionary War, Mr. Gardner W. Allen has performed a patriotic duty. Already favorably known because of his briefer treatises on our naval war with France and with the Barbary Corsairs, the historian follows in this more ambitious work the methods made familiar in those volumes. He relies primarily upon official records, both in this country and in England and France, piecing these out with personal letters and diaries and with extracts from the newspapers of the time, scanty though these last appear to us to-day. But the story as a whole is most impressive,—the more so because the author has included, as far as was possible with existing materials, the operations of the vessels sailing as privateers under authority of the several states, outnumbering greatly the ships commissioned by the Continental Congress.

Of the outbreak of hostilities in New En-

* A NAVAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Gardner W. Allen. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES. By Mrs. Reginald de Koven. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

OLIVEN HAZARD PERRY AND THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE. By James Cooke Mills. Illustrated. Detroit: John Phelps.

gland, from Paul Revere's ride to the evacuation of Boston, every American school-child is made aware. But who knows of the doughty O'Briens and their deeds at Machias, Maine, less than two months after the Concord fight, though there has been a naval vessel ever since to keep their name from forgetfulness? Who has ever heard of the capture of the good ship "Mellish," laden with military clothing and stores for Burgoyne's army, and diverted by Captain Jones to the uses of Washington's half-clad forces? Yet the operations of our ships and sailors kept pace with our land operations from the beginning of the war to the end, and it was a French fleet that made the victory at Yorktown possible,—even as the Machias incident bespeaks the temper of the colonists quite as much as Lexington, and the loss of the supplies on the "Mellish" aided in bringing about the surrender at Saratoga.

It is in the recital of these seemingly minor events that Mr. Allen's book is chiefly valuable, though of course the stress is rather upon the more sensational and better known deeds of the navy, as chiefly exemplified in the brilliant career of John Paul Jones. Poor as we were in those days, ill-organized as the Congress was for dealing with naval affairs, it is probable that more than two thousand privateers sailed forth under our new flag; and their services were of prime value to the patriot cause,—not only in such affairs as that of the "Mellish," but in causing the British people to exert pressure upon their government to bring the war to a close through the commercial losses they thus sustained and the terror created by the appearance of hostile craft on the very shores of Albion's supposedly inviolable isle.

Of the lack of efficiency shown by our governments, state and national, Mr. Allen speaks briefly and wisely. Had the lessons been learned which are written so largely in our failures during this early period, there would have been no second war of independence necessary to free our ships and sailors from heavy wrongs. For the rest, the book is clearly and unpretentiously written, well printed and indexed, and illustrated interestingly with scenes and portraits from contemporary sources.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, in leaving the field of fiction for that of accurate historical writing, has in no way allowed her manifest talents as an interpreter of character and as a descriptive writer to lapse, and the result is a welcome

relief from the German method which deems everything of value in history, however intrinsically uninteresting. To deal in the German way with such a hero of romance as John Paul Jones would have been futile, and the reader may well rejoice in Mrs. de Koven's sympathy for the lover Jones proved himself to be, as well as fighter. Her painstaking research, evidences of which abound throughout her two fine octavo volumes, has brought out the romance of Jones's private, no less than of his public, life, so that the work possesses both the fascination of a novel and the serious value of authentic and fully documented history.

The historian here has had not only to set forth accurately the facts of Jones's career, but to remove a cloud of doubts and false surmises left from the slipshod work of at least one previous biographer. The portrait drawn is convincingly true; if lacking a little in such qualities of heroism in daily life as we must instinctively feel to be improbable, it gains greatly in human qualities. What strikes the reader most, perhaps, is the tremendous efficiency exhibited by Jones while afloat, and the even profounder effort required to secure ships with which to exercise his manifest talents. A stronger nation would never have allowed such a genius to remain ashore a moment longer than necessity required; as it was, his talents were wasted for months and years, during which he strove in vain to obtain a command,—now from Congress, now from the French Crown.

It is through the urgencies he was thus forced to display that his character loses much of romantic glamour. Finding himself deprived of one ship after another at the moment when he had demonstrated his superiority over every other American sea-fighter, he was compelled to resort to the methods of an almost remorseless creditor to procure another ship and crew, until it is not too much to say that everything he accomplished was in spite of conditions rather than because of them. Considering the wire-pulling and jealousy he was so persistently engaged in at home and abroad, his contemporaries are hardly to be blamed for regarding his persistency as a nuisance, contrasted as it was with their own inertia and lack of vital enthusiasm.

Notwithstanding the fact that Jones is our one naval hero of the Revolution, the result of all this is that the concluding chapters of Mrs. de Koven's work, dealing with his services to Russia after the close of our war, are the most

engrossing of the entire book, and the gaps left by earlier biographers and historians are at last completely filled. The reviewer may be pardoned an expression of regret that room was not found for some of the ballads and other literature dealing with John Paul Jones, who is here proved to be himself a poet of sorts,—such pieces as "The Yankee Man-of-War," quite the best naval song of the Revolution, Walt Whitman's "Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?" taken down from the lips of an ancestor who was with Jones on the "Bon-Homme Richard," as well as more modern verse dealing with the cruise which bore his body back for permanent sepulture in the land of his adoption.

As Jones was the chief naval hero of the Revolution, so was Oliver Hazard Perry the foremost figure upon the waters in the second war with Britain; and Mr. James Cooke Mills has done well to devote a well-printed and veracious volume to him in this centennial year of his great victory. The story is vividly told, and the author's complete sympathy with so interesting a subject adds to its value,—though it sometimes presses historical fact somewhat hard. There was little need, for example, to revive the forgotten tale of Elliott's delinquency on the memorable day that gave the United States the command of Lake Erie, or to pass over in complete silence Chauncey's exploit on Lake Ontario, which was needed to round out Perry's victory. Nor should Perry's only less distinguished younger brother, Matthew Calbraith, have remained quite unmentioned. But these are errors of omission, no more.

It is a deeper matter for regret that someone did not go over Mr. Mills's work and reduce it to ordinary rules of grammar and style. What, for instance, can be made of such a sentence as, "The gunboats were generally armed with a single twenty-four pounder, two of which were stationed off Stonington," or "The frequent uprisings of which the regency was noted," or "The heartrending tragedy of the River Raisin and other localities followed in succession," or the complete confusion of "creditable" with "credible"? Similar examples of carelessness abound, and lead to errors in statement of fact,—as where on page 104 the "Trippe" is said to be commanded by Lieutenant Holdup and on page 145 by Lieutenant Holdup Stevens. Nor should such a book have been published without an index.

WALLACE RICE.

A GREAT GERMAN SOCIALIST AND STATESMAN.*

Shortly before the middle of August there died at Zurich the most eminent of contemporary German socialists, the sole survivor of the remarkable group of leaders by whom were laid the foundations of the German Social Democracy a generation and more ago,—August Ferdinand Bebel. It is a cause for gratulation among students of social and political movements that before his death Herr Bebel—the "Red Pope," his adversaries denominated him—committed to writing his recollections of the men and measures of the early days of the German socialist propaganda. There is cause for regret, however, that the Autobiography in which these recollections are recorded was completed (the portion of it, at least, which has reached print) only to the year 1878; although if we are not to have the entire work as projected, the portion which has been printed, dealing as it does with the remoter and more formative period in the Social Democracy's growth, may be assumed to be of the largest interest and value.

The career of Bebel was one of continued and inspiring triumph over adversity. The conditions surrounding his boyhood were hard and narrow. His father, a non-commissioned officer in the Prussian army, died in 1844, when the boy was but four years old; his mother died nine years later. The rudiments of an education were acquired in a poor-law school at Wetzlar, but at the age of thirteen the youth was thrown entirely upon his own resources and prospect of further schooling had to be abandoned. In 1853 he was apprenticed to a master-turner, and five years later he began tramping about the country as a journeyman. In 1860 he appeared at Leipzig, where steady employment was found and where, in February, 1861, he attended his first public meeting of workingmen and joined his first workingmen's society. In both politics and industry the times were unsettled, and the opportunity afforded a restless spirit such as Bebel to agitate, to argue, and to organize was unlimited. In May, 1863, Lassalle's "Manifesto," commonly regarded as the starting-point of the German Social Democracy, was published; and shortly afterwards there was formed the General German Labor Union, whose purpose was to make of labor, in accordance with Lassalle's ideas, an organized power in politics.

*MY LIFE. By August Bebel. With portrait. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Bebel, who from 1863 to 1872 served continuously as vice-president of the Leipzig Society for the Promotion of Knowledge among the Working Classes, at first opposed the propaganda for manhood suffrage, on the ground that "the workers were not yet ripe for it," and long held out against the general programme of the Lassalleans. In truth he was not a socialist until, having occasion to read the writings of the Lassalleans in order to combat them, he fell under conviction and was won over. Gradually, however, he became a socialist of the socialists, a universal suffragist, and an outspoken enemy of the entire social order based on capitalism. "I was a Saul," he says, "and became a Paul; and a Paul I have remained even unto the evening of my life, more than ever convinced of the justice of my beliefs; and so I shall remain to the end, as long as my strength is left me."

In 1867 Bebel was elected a Labor member of the North German Diet. In 1871 he was chosen to a seat in the newly constituted Reichstag, and, except during one prolonged interval of imprisonment, and during the years 1881-1883, he was at all times thereafter until his death a member of Parliament. From the first he participated actively in debate. He refused to vote the subsidies asked at the beginning of the war with France, and he opposed the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. By his independence of speech and action he, of course, incurred the displeasure of the authorities. In December, 1870, he was imprisoned on a charge of attempted high treason; and in 1872 he was tried and condemned to two years of confinement in a fortress. Released in 1875, he was imprisoned again for six months in 1877, on a charge of libelling Bismarck. These periods of enforced inactivity, however, but afforded opportunity for reading and study, and the Government appears to have arrived at the conclusion that to add the element of martyrdom to the sources of power which the man already possessed would be a mistaken policy. At any rate, there was no further interference with his personal freedom.

The present volume brings us only to the eve of the attempts on the life of the Emperor in 1878, and the anti-socialistic legislation by which those unfortunate episodes were followed. This was also the year in which there took place the final amalgamation of the several organizations which have entered into the composition of the Social Democratic party, so that it affords a convenient division point in the history of the great movement with which Bebel's name will

ever be linked. The writer, in summing up the situation at this point, says:

"The play was ready to begin. It was intended to be a tragedy, in the course of which the Social Democratic party was to be sacrificed upon the altar of the monarchical and capitalistic interests. But, as before, it did not 'come off'; we turned the tragedy into a comedy, and the Hercules who came forth to strike us down with his bludgeon was himself laid low after an inglorious ten years' war against the hated enemy, and cumbered the field of battle with his corpse. Whereas in the old days of the Empire the battle-cry of the advancing armies was 'To me, Guelph! To me, Ghibelline!' it was now 'To me, Bismarck! To me, Social Democrats!'"

In style, the narrative is simple and straightforward; in substance, it is interesting and often illuminating. It reveals a forceful, intense, yet kindly personality; and it tells a story that no interpreter of modern European affairs can afford to ignore. Especially instructive are the comments which are made upon Bismarck's effort to exploit the interests of labor in the earlier years of his ministry, the intimate characterizations of Liebknecht, Schweitzer, and other socialist leaders, and the more or less incidental portrayal of the habits, ideas, and aspirations of the German workingman in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. But there is nothing in the book that is superfluous, little that is even unimportant.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.*

Gabriel Tarde, whose work on "Penal Philosophy" has recently been translated for the "Modern Criminal Science Series," was an ornament of the legal profession, a judge of wide experience, a scholar, a psychologist, and an eminent sociologist; his writings have stimulated thought in every country on the themes he discussed.

First of all, as a criminologist, Tarde is a severe critic of the school of Lombroso, whose disciples have, in Tarde's opinion, over-estimated the importance of the inherited physical causes of anti-social conduct. The criminal is not a madman; the insane may injure the person or property of citizens, but they are not responsible for their deeds and should be held in safe custody in a hospital. The notion that the criminal is simply a savage turned loose in

*PENAL PHILOSOPHY. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated by Rapelje Howell. With editorial Preface by Edward Lindsey, and Introduction by Robert H. Gault. "Modern Criminal Science Series." Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

CRIME AND ITS REPRESSION. By Gustaf Aschaffenburg. Translated by Adalbert Albrecht. With Preface by Maurice Parmelee and Introduction by Arthur C. Train. "Modern Criminal Science Series." Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

modern society, an example of atavism, is dissected and rejected. Nor is the offender a degenerate, although degenerates are likely to commit crime. The theory of epilepsy as a constant cause of criminality is set aside. It is probable that Tarde has not given due weight to physical defect in this causal series which ends in crime. Many competent observers in all lands have been sure that prisoners are inferior on the average to the group from which they come; and our author himself does not wholly reject this factor.

The explanation which, according to Tarde, accounts for the most decisive facts is psychological and sociological in character. When we have segregated all the imbeciles, epileptics, and lunatics in educational, medical, and custodial colonies, we shall still have to deal with a large body of offenders who are nearly enough normal to be treated as responsible for their actions. The most fundamental distinction to be made is that between rural and urban offenders, having as sub-groups violent criminals and thieves.

Naturally the distinguished advocate of the theory of imitation, as an explanation of conduct in general, seeks to apply this theory to the phenomena of crime; and while he may overlook other elements, he certainly makes good use of this unquestioned fact. Since he wrote the book now published all the psychologists have been examining his view of imitation, and their debate still continues. It is interesting to note some of the methods of applying the theory. The vices and crimes of to-day which are found in the lowest orders of the people descended to them from above. "Drunk as a lord" is a proverb which is now applied to common inebriates, but which points back to the time when nobles vied with each other in feats of drinking. Irreligion is copied from the learned and exalted. Vagabonds are the contemporary representatives of noble pilgrims and ministers of the Middle Ages. Poisoning is now a crime of the illiterate; but once it flourished in palaces. We have professional murderers because the example was set by rich men who hired bravos and assassins. The glorification of war and soldiers bears some of the blame. Aristotle classed brigandage with agriculture and stock-raising as a natural industry available to man for the procuring of his subsistence. Says Tarde: "If we concede to the economists that all wealth which is not acquired as the fruit of labor is the result of plunder, whether brutal or disguised in some manner, we can form an accurate idea of the enormously important part played by crime in the social functions." It would be interesting to have exact references to the orthodox economists who claim that all possessors of wealth who have not come into their possession by their own labor must therefore be plunderers and parasites. The difficulty is the one which Robert Burns cites, the power to see ourselves as others see us. "We reproach the savages who poison their arrows, and we exhaust our brains to devise strange engines of de-

struction, grape-shot, torpedoes, which in the twinkling of an eye can sink the most formidable vessel of war and mow down two hundred thousand men in an hour on a single battlefield." England carried on a campaign against the slave trade abroad, while it left its women and children to physical and moral ruin in mine and factory. "There is nothing to equal the progress of our political and military inhumanity, unless it be the depth of its unconsciousness; our newspaper polemics breathe nothing but deadly hatred; instigation to murder, the glorification of assassination, no longer astonish anybody in them. The inroads made by immorality upon morality, by dishonesty upon honesty, are as continuous as they are imperceptible. The tendency, in drawing rooms, seems by preference to be, as we are aware, to go to the extreme limit of respectability, and to strive to extend that limit; so much so that after a certain length of time, in a very lively society, a person can only continue to be respectable by saying the most indecent things possible."

In our country these accusations cannot justly be applied to the majority of the wealthy, either to their business standards or to their social intercourse; but there can be no question that idleness in the second generation of inherited wealth, without any regulating belief in responsibility for earning income, is producing its natural fruit, and that the example is pernicious. The crowded city, with its excitement, its conflicts, its allurements to excess, furnishes only too many base models for imitation. The city sets an evil example to the rural population, and crime spreads to the country by imitation.

Tarde defends the notion of personal responsibility against writers of the positive and naturalistic school; but he is a determinist to the core. The controversy is an old one, and there is no prospect of its coming to an end in our time. It may have some importance; certainly our author states and defends his system of metaphysics with learning and subtle ingenuity, although most men will watch the debate very much as they do the feats of legerdemain, and go away puzzled and mystified. The point at which we can agree is that a man of sound mind who commits crime should be treated in a different way from an insane or feeble-minded person who performs the same act. Moral detestation is not only natural and rational, but it is a necessary part of wholesome reaction against anti-social conduct. If burglars and murderers are simply sick men to be pitied and cured, if they are not to be made to feel the reprobation of all right-minded people, we lose one of the most effective weapons of social defense, and one of the most powerful incentives to resist temptation. If it is monstrous to punish an idiot, it is just as monstrous to look upon a base assassin as simply a victim of "brainstorm." "When we shall cease to hate and stigmatize the criminal, crime will multiply."

But this does not mean that society is to pursue the object of its just reprobation with eternal punishment. Wicked and loathsome as he may be, the criminal remains a person, with the rights and the

possibilities of a human being. Sentimentalism has no place either in relief of the indigent or punishment of the offender. True charity will be careful to avoid artificial creation of lazy parasites and malingerers. The administration of justice will reform the guilty man, if this is possible; and, if he is incorrigible, we are wealthy enough to "pay for the luxury of kindness." This kindness will take the form of supporting him to the end of his days, if necessary, at public expense; but he will be deprived of liberty, compelled to live as a celibate, denied the coarse pleasures for which he cares most, and required to work for the daily bread which keeps him alive.

More important than all this punitive machinery is the social demand that privileged people spread among the evil-minded minority an example of their own honesty. "To improve the guilty, to civilize bandits, is difficult and costly, and could not be called a good investment of time and money expended. But this is an obligatory extravagance"; it will not pay, but it is duty. What *will* pay is what Tarde does not fully discuss: a system of preventive and constructive legislation which will make reformatory prisons needless as rapidly as possible; education, training, supervision, and control of neglected children and youth until they are all habituated to work which earns a living and to recreations which do not corrupt.

In dealing with the "indeterminate sentence," conditional liberation, and the parole system, Tarde is very unsatisfactory. His allusions to American experiments do not reveal any knowledge of the work of our supervision of conditional liberty. This very successful method must therefore not be judged by his fragmentary treatment. At the same time, Tarde does not oppose the tendency to individualize the treatment and to train convicts for liberty during a period of surveillance, and he recommends the principle. "It is thus not while in the cell that the convict can really gradually begin to improve morally; it is only after he has left his cell. . . . Malefactors are game of a particular species, very hard to capture, which no one knows what to do with after it has been captured, and which it is as dangerous to set free as it is embarrassing to keep." Step by step, with vast patience and skill, the perverted man must be helped to walk in freedom, until law-abiding conduct is second nature and the danger of relapse has been reduced to a minimum.

In this immensely difficult task of reforming the morally deformed the supreme factor is a faithful personnel. Almost any system works well with a competent administrator; while the best system fails in the hands of spoilsmen, — incompetent, coarse, brutal, untrained. It is at this point alone that educated men can make themselves felt in the administration of correctional institutions: they can insist on the merit system of selecting officers by examination, probation, professional training, with security of tenure as long as they give evidence of efficiency. Tarde insists that modern society can supply such

men. "Our society is better down below than it is on its surface; it has, like jewel cases, as Joubert would say, 'its velvet on the inside.' It ought to be possible to bring together in a prison the worst human brutes and the finest types of men, such men as Cartouche and Vincent de Paul. Let search be made for the latter; in the end they will be found." But they are rarely found by a governor whose principal and dominant purpose is to get rid of trained officers and to instal, with good salaries, his favorite henchmen, to whom he owes political debts and who mock at the need of education and training.

Tarde favors the retention of capital punishment as a means of deterrence and of elimination; but he confesses that the evidence of intimidating influence is unsatisfactory, that the judicial killing of a dozen bad men out of thousands has little value in diminishing their numbers, that statistics are unreliable and impossible to interpret. He does not adequately develop the method of permanent segregation of dangerous criminals through an extension of the "indeterminate sentence" with proper judicial control. In spite of lending his high authority to the retention of capital punishment, the balanced statement of the facts may fairly be claimed by abolitionists as favorable to their plea. But no instructed abolitionist wishes to do away with this "rudiment" of savage ages without at the same time multiplying and strengthening the measures of social control of all youth who are forming anti-social habits, and of retaining in custody not only all incorrigible criminals but also all degenerates, insane, epileptic, and feeble-minded persons whose progeny are certain to be a perpetual menace to the order of society and to security of life, property, and morals. By a vigorous and prolonged effort, with the necessary financial investment, we could in a few generations have all the advantages of the natural law of extinction of the unfit without reverting to the cruel methods of nature.

"So o'er that art which you say adds to nature
Is an art which nature makes."

The conclusions of Dr. Gustaf Aschaffenburg, as embodied in his volume on "Crime and Its Repression," have long since found numerous advocates in America, and have been embodied, not without protest, in the so-called "indeterminate sentence" laws of several states. Yet the eminent author rarely alludes, even faintly, to American examples; perhaps, as another German writer has recently said, because it is unpopular over there to cite the doings of the young Republic. We are not particularly wounded by this slight, for history will do us justice; and the last International Prison Congress recorded in its proceedings a testimony to our influence on the world movement.

The eminent author, as a psychiatrist, starts from the basis of experimental science and not from rules established by precedents in an unscientific past. For this reason he is clear and decided where Tarde hesitates and splits hairs. Yet he is not dogmatic in his certainty; he bases his conclusions on a wide

study of psychology, forensic medicine, and statistics, as well as on the judgments of many others, like himself, who have had intimate contact with prisoners in correctional institutions.

Among the causal factors affecting the kind or quantity of crime are mentioned variations of seasons, race, religion, occupation, alcohol, prostitution, gambling, and superstition. Poverty and alcoholism are regarded as the chief direct incentives to harmful conduct. Both socialists and prohibitionists may draw powerful weapons from this armory. Among individual factors are considered parentage and training, education, age, sex, domestic status, physical and mental conditions of the offenders. It is noteworthy that this distinguished physician rejects the idea that the criminal has inherited a specific criminal nature. Crime is not a disease. Yet criminals are known to be inferior to ordinary citizens, both physically and mentally, and they often inherit part of their defects. Weakness of body, mind, and will helps to account for the fact that these particular persons yield to the pressure of temptation and fall; once fallen it is difficult to keep them on their feet thereafter. Therefore the protection of society calls for a vigorous and persistent policy of elimination. Those who, immediately after release, go back to theft, burglary, rape, and arson should be kept under an indeterminate sentence, and prevented from injuring others, as is done with the dangerous insane. The short sentence in jail corrupts the harmless offender and does not reform the habitual.

Education, economic improvement, and restriction of the drink traffic will have considerable value as preventive agencies, especially with youth; but society ought to face the fact that there are many so weak in body and mind that they cannot be trusted with freedom in ordinary competitive life. Eugenic ideas come to light at several points and deserve attention.

While Dr. Aschaffenburg is safely behind the most advanced experimental legislation in the United States, his facts, arguments, and eminent authority will greatly reinforce the progressive policy which already has the support of the American Prison Association and of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, as well as of able representatives in the American Bar Associations.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Rambles in
book-land with
a book-lover.*

An inspiring account of his mental development, as promoted by the reading of all that is best in ancient and modern literature, is given by Professor Oscar Kuhns in his book entitled "A One-Sided Autobiography: Containing the Story of My Intellectual Life" (Eaton & Mains). Preparing himself for college with no teacher to guide his studies, and with only the night hours free for the purpose, Mr.

Kuhns was admitted to Wesleyan University with but few conditions, and there pursued, with an enthusiasm now become too rare, the old classical course leading to the bachelor's degree; but he adds a confession of peculiar significance when he says: "Yet I do not think I enjoyed the pure delight of reading in college so much as I did before going there." Berlin, Paris, and other centres of learning were afterward visited, and some of the greatest scholars of the later nineteenth century were listened to with profit. From first to last, however, Mr. Kuhns seems to have been his own best guide in the realm of literature, breaking his own path down through the ages, and ordering his studies after a system of his own. His taste in books is truly catholic, and the range of his reading remarkably wide, while the intimate, personal touch he gives to his talk about his favorites imparts a charm to his chapters such as is not found in every collection of literary essays. Dante is the author he has studied most faithfully, taught to others with the greatest ardor, and read and re-read with the most unflinching enjoyment—which is all in accord with what he says of "that phase of my own nature which is perhaps the deepest of all, a sense of the divine and the spiritual in and over and beyond all things material in life." Of his passion for poetry he says he cannot tell when it began. "Away back in the mist of childhood years I can see that it existed, and amid all the vicissitudes of life it has continued to broaden and deepen, until to-day it seems to include in itself all the charm I have found in music, or the plastic arts, in nature, the joys of home and friends, the beauty of woman, the charm of innocent childhood, and the deeper aspirations of the soul toward the spiritual world." Some graceful lines of his own prefixed to the volume show the author to be himself not lacking in the accomplishment of verse. Greater care in verifying quotations and book-titles (slippery and treacherous things even with the best of memories) would have improved the book; and more vigilant proof-reading would have prevented the occurrence of occasional misprints.

*A French
estimate of
Meredith.*

"Sprawly" is the only word which adequately characterizes the volume, translated from the French of M. Constantin Photiadès, entitled "George Meredith: His Life, Genius, and Teaching" (Scribner). M. Photiadès is an enthusiastic admirer of Meredith, and a minute student of the master's works; but he has little critical insight, and still less capacity for synthesis. Fortunately, the book is made up largely of straight narrative, in which the author is facile, and of comment upon citations, in which he is often felicitous. The intervening patches of general criticism contain much mere verbiage, which passes now and then into indiscriminating adulation with an amusingly Gallic strain to it. "A Faith on Trial" is characterized as "a magnificent poem of melancholy"; Mr. Thomas Hardy, because of his touching little elegy on Meredith, becomes "a visionary bathed

in purest rays of light." The chapter on "His Life" is purely factual, though vivacious. That on "His Genius" resolves itself, after a little beating of wings, into a careful and interesting summary, in ninety pages, of "Harry Richmond"; the author's predilection for this novel, with its comparatively light and superficial narrative, is quite characteristic. That on "His Teaching" is, as might be expected, the most sprawling of all; it tells the English reader nothing that is not better told in already existing books and articles in English. The remaining two chapters are the best. "A Visit to Flint Cottage," apart from its touches of the melodramatic, gives a picture of Meredith which we should not willingly do without. The novelist himself does most of the talking,—on such subjects as Tennyson (whose "In Memoriam" associates itself in the speaker's mind with "psychic crises of young clergymen silently tormented with doubt" but failing not in the end to conform), the English language as a vehicle for poetry, FitzGerald's "Omar," Swinburne, the critics ("each of them is at best but the slave placed near the conqueror to remind him of his mortal condition"), the relationship between his own poetry and prose, the significance of France, etc. These topics are common, of course, in the recently-published Letters of Meredith; but the master's remarks during this interview are none the less fresh and welcome. The chapter on "George Meredith's Art" contains some thought-provoking things about the novelist's style. That the defects of this style are due to Meredith's constant attempt "to sift circumstances, to weigh them with care, and with a result always beneficial to sound judgment and art" is certainly a truer view than that they arose, as a well-known American critic has asserted, from confirmed dilettantism. It is interesting, also, to find a thoughtful French reader maintaining that "thanks to the wizard Meredith, English idiom is emancipated"; and that Meredith effected a much-needed "union of English poetry and English prose." A final point must be noted in regard to this uneven book: it exaggerates Meredith's affiliations with the French. The author quite misses the fundamentally Anglo-Saxon trend of his hero's temperament; with the result that Meredith here appears, on the whole, "an ultra-Gallican gentleman"—like Renée's fiancé, at whom he pokes such fine fun, for that very quality, in "Beauchamp's Career."

*Records of two
journalists in the
land of unrest.*

Mr. Hugh B. C. Pollard's volume, "A Busy Time in Mexico: An Unconventional Record of Mexican Incident" (Duffield), is appropriately named both in title and sub-title. A busy and exciting time the author undoubtedly had; and his record is "unconventional" to the extent of being inaccurate in so many particulars as to create the suspicion that it may be exaggerated in others. It contains, however, some extremely interesting matter that has appeared in no previous volume on Mexico, and its score or more of illustrations are from

photographs hitherto unpublished. It describes the personal experiences of the author, who first landed in the state of Chiapas near the Guatemalan frontier; and after some time spent in that region proceeded to the City of Mexico, arriving there in time to have his interest awakened in the Madero revolt. He then assumed the rôle of correspondent for some American newspapers, was present at several of the skirmishes in the neighborhood of the capital, and finally left the City of Mexico on one of the sections of the train which bore ex-President Diaz to Vera Cruz and into exile. In a postscript written apparently in London, he describes the assassination of Madero and speculates upon the probable future attitude of the United States toward Mexico. Had the author prepared himself for his visit to Mexico, and for writing a book, by a study of Mexican history he would not have slipped into such an error as the following: "Vera Cruz—the rich city of the Holy Cross as Drake termed it." It was Cortez who established the city and named it "La Villa Rica de la Santa Vera Cruz."—Eminently appropriate is the characterization of Mexico in the title of Mr. Henry Baerlein's volume, "Mexico, the Land of Unrest: Being chiefly an Account of what Produced the Outbreak of 1910, together with the Story of the Revolution down to This Day" (Lippincott). But the book fails utterly to fulfil the promise of its title-page,—much to the disappointment of the reader eager to know something of "what produced the outbreak of 1910," and "the story of the revolution down to this day." In the first place, the author's English is at fault, and his style is cryptic. This may be due to the influence of his mother tongue; but whatever the cause, the reader may toil through some of his paragraphs, extending over six or seven pages and skipping from one subject to another, and arrive at the end with a confused feeling as to what it is all about. The author's position is distinctly anti-Diaz, and he is hopelessly committed to the previously-published accounts of the slavery in Yucatan and the inhumanity of Diaz. But the character of the book is little improved by the reproduction of crude caricatures from Mexican papers, or by the author's chapter entitled "Diaz at the Door of Hell," which reads like an undergraduate skit in a college annual. It should be said that the book contains a fine map of Mexico folded within a pocket attached to the front cover, and a very good collection of illustrations (excepting the caricatures above mentioned). The appendices contain a useful glossary of Spanish-American terms and some interesting notes on the native languages.

*State socialism
in Germany.*

Germany is preëminently the land of socialism. At the general elections of 1912 more than four and a quarter million votes were cast for socialist candidates, and one hundred and ten of these candidates were returned to seats in the Reichstag. This, however, tells but a part of the story. It is true that a large

proportion of those who vote for socialist candidates are not full-fledged socialists, and furthermore, that the socialist party as such has never yet been strong enough to enact a law or to assume an active share in the administrative system. But on the other hand it is to be observed that the socialism of the "reds" does not occupy the field alone. There is also the socialism of the crown, more restrained and less comprehensive, but just as truly socialism; and throughout a generation this monarchical, or state, socialism has been carrying the Empire step by step in the very direction in which the "reds" would have it go. The pace is not swift, but it is seemingly sure. German state socialism, as it is familiarly known, came into being in the days of Bismarck and comprised from the outset a programme of state ownership and other state enterprise intended to alleviate social distress, to promote public prosperity, and thereby to cut the ground from under the feet of the Marxians, Rodbertians, and other extremists. Its protagonists were Wagner, Schmoller, Schaeffle, and Schonberg, and its first great convert was the Iron Chancellor himself. Already in a number of the German states the principle of the public ownership and control of railways, mines, and other utilities had found application; and beginning with the enactment of the sickness and accident insurance laws of 1883 and 1884, the Empire, under Bismarck's guidance, embarked upon a cautious but far-reaching programme of socialistic operations. In a modest and well-written volume entitled "Monarchical Socialism in Germany" (Scribner), Mr. Elmer Roberts describes the progress and present status of this programme. He shows what has been done in respect to the state control of railways and other public utilities, the development of labor exchanges and the remedying of unemployment, the taxation of land, the regulation of trusts, the upbuilding of the navy, and a number of other matters, and he predicts the continued advance of Germany along the pathway thus marked out. The impression, indeed, is left with the reader that, in the main, the notable prosperity of the German people to-day is attributable to the following of this course — an impression quite the contrary of that to be obtained from Mr. Price Collier's recent book, "Germany and the Germans." Mr. Roberts has long been a representative of the Associated Press in Germany, and he writes out of a considerable fulness of experience and observation.

*The trend
of religion
in France.*

Under the title, "French Prophets of Yesterday" (Appleton), Professor Albert L. Guérard of Stanford University has written a most dispassionate and objective history of French religious and philosophic thought during the Second Empire, from the standpoint of its contribution to the solution of the religious question in France to-day. And as the question now being faced in France is, in an acute form, the same that America will face to-morrow, and that England is already beginning to face, the valuable lessons of the book have much more than a merely national

significance. The four main strands of progress during the era before the new scientific spirit irradiated thought were Catholicism, with its literary analogue in Romanticism and its travesties in the various cults of evil; Protestantism, which never had a chance in France because it could only make a wide enough separation from the authority of Catholicism to fall into the other extreme of Free Thought and again be lost; Voltairianism, which is spiritually barren; and Humanitarianism, which is only a spasmodic faith mediated by social and political crises, and which is powerless as an every-day guide to the best living. The author traces these faiths and their failings, exhibits the work of such critics of their tendencies as Renan, and shows pretty conclusively that Modernism within the Catholic church, the present-day hope of so many thinkers, is an impossible solution of the difficulty because it is at the outset simply a contradiction in terms. "Shall we close this review on a discord?" he asks, after showing that supernaturalism is out of the purview of rational speculation, and that naturalism alone is not a religion but merely descriptive in its function. And he can only answer that question by emphasizing the fact that both supernaturalism and naturalism point to the aspirations of man. And that man has aspirations and ever strives to live by them, is, in this day of criticism and doubt, the only solid fact to which the religious inquirer may cling with any degree of certainty and comfort.

*The story
of an old
Roman road.*

Careful study of a fascinating subject is manifest in Mr. Hilaire Belloc's monograph on "The Stane Street" (Dutton), in which he presents, first, some general considerations on Roman roads in Britain, then takes up "the particular case of the Stane Street," the general line of the road and its four divisions or "limbs," the camps or "mansiones" along its course, its historical character, and the modern divergences from the ancient highway; next follows a discussion of certain details in successive sections of the road; and, finally, there are appended notes, a folding map, and a full index. Sketch maps in abundance are printed with the text, and landscape drawings, some of them of much beauty, are furnished by Mr. William Hyde. Stane Street ran from Chichester to London, or, more specifically, to London Bridge, and the probable method by which it was surveyed, with the conjecturable reasons of its occasional deflections from a straight line, afford matter for research and surmise of an interesting sort. Mr. Belloc handles his theme with skill and learning, and it is a pleasure to follow his argument and to accompany him in his journey over the historic road, much of which still appears to be in use, as a modern macadamized thoroughfare, with certain stretches not yet brought up to date. In his zeal to acknowledge English indebtedness to the conquering Roman, he goes rather too far when he asserts that it is impossible "to prove one institu-

tion or one inherited handling of material things to have descended to us from the outer barbarism," that is, from non-Roman origins. Surely our daily speech is full of Anglo-Saxon words indicating the inheritance of both institutions (take merely the terms *home, wedlock, king, earl, knight*) and of the handling of material things (as borne witness to by such agricultural terms as *plough, hoe, rake, thresh, winnow*) from sources other than Roman and older than the Roman occupation of Britain or the extension of the Roman dominion beyond the Alps. However, we would not quarrel with the author's enthusiasm for his chosen theme, since to it the book owes its charm as literature.

The recent revolution in China.

Mr. Frederick McCormick's "The Flowery Republic" (Appleton) is a book of considerable value to one who wishes a full statement of the details of the recent revolution by which the oldest empire became over night the youngest republic. Apart from the narration of facts, however, this study of the revolution offers little of worth. Moreover, the chronology of the revolution is not so clear in Mr. McCormick's treatment as one would like to have it, since the writer inverts the time order on occasion in his effort to attain a journalistic realism of style. Beginning with his own appearance on the scene after the beginning of the outbreak, he alternates throughout the book between the reporter's account of what he sees and the historian's statement of the main events. This method affords at times interesting sidelights upon incidents and personalities of the revolution, and at times clear statements of important episodes in their proper relation; but the two styles of narration are not happily blended, and each blurs the impression made by the other. Indeed, a decidedly blurred impression is left upon the reader by the whole book. One never feels quite certain whether the author possessed accurate and adequate knowledge of the Chinese people, nor does one know certainly whether the author's opinion of them and of their present leaders is on the whole favorable or unfavorable. Compliments bestowed freely in one chapter are in full collision with heavy condemnation in a neighboring section of the treatise, so that the reader is left with the feeling that the author is a safe prophet, no matter what turn events may take.

The story of Mary Stuart again retold.

Mr. Henry C. Shelley's readable rehearsal of the ill-fated Mary Stuart's sorrowful life, under the title, "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart" (Little, Brown & Co.), differentiates itself from the thousand and one other narrations of the same famous history in the concentration of attention on the fifteen most eventful and significant months of her "long and weary pilgrimage" (to quote her own phrase), and the summary treatment, in the form of prologue and epilogue, of the less stirring earlier and later years. The bulk of the book has to do with the murder of Darnley, the precipitate Bothwell marriage, the im-

prisonment in Lochleven Castle, and the defeat at Langside, leaving about one-quarter of the volume to cover the remaining events of Mary's forty-four years. The author declares himself to be an impartial chronicler, not a partisan, and his straightforward narrative seems to prove that he is unentangled by the fatal fascinations of his heroine, although he has been paying her attentions for nearly two decades. Original sources, he says, have been consulted in the preparation of his book, and many are "now utilized as biographical data for the first time." No notes, however, or bibliographical references are introduced, the evident purpose being to present the Queen of Scots in a few clear and telling strokes, with strict avoidance of irrelevant details. In this Mr. Shelley has succeeded. The book is well illustrated, chiefly with portraits.

English history during the last three decades.

Mr. R. H. Gretton, who is engaged in writing the history of England during the last three decades, has recently published the first of his two projected volumes under the comprehensive title, "A Modern History of the English People" (Small, Maynard & Co.). The volume covers the period from 1880 to 1898, and is packed with details drawn chiefly from the files of the London "Times." Mr. Gretton writes well, and has given us a number of chapters that are both interesting and valuable; his emphasis on the importance of the labor movement and his account of the vicissitudes of trade unionism are to be especially noted and commended. But his chief purpose has been to give an account of everything that interested English society during the period covered, and this has led him to include a mass of really trivial details that have only a passing interest and had but a slight effect on the course of events. One of his chapters is headed "Ireland, Egypt—and Jumbo"; and more than a page is given to the importance of the popular song, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," as indicating the state of English taste in the early nineties. There are many other indications of erratic judgment on the author's part which obscure the real excellences of his work.

BRIEFER MENTION.

In a certain very popular novel, with a very popular hero, that hero's name is not once disclosed, but he is always spoken of as "the Virginian." In Miss Marie L. Marsh's juvenile chronicle, "Auburn and Freckles" (Browne & Howell Co.), the chief character is likewise nameless; he is always "the freckled boy." His adventures are varied, amusing, and unfailingly boylike. One cannot tell beforehand what he will do, but it is sure to be something delightfully characteristic of a red-headed, freckle-faced boy with the instincts proper to his kind. His friends help to give variety to the narrative; and there is very little danger that any reader, adult or juvenile, will go to sleep over its pages. The freckled boy is a thoroughly likable youngster, worthy of a place in the same class with Tom Sawyer

and Tom Bailey and the rest of our boy-favorites in literature. The writer's rendering of boy-talk is successful, neither over-done nor falling short of verisimilitude; but in one place there occurs a curiously awkward attempt to represent the abbreviated corruption of "without," which of course should be "'thout," and not "thought," as we find it printed.

That Oscar Wilde's poems should be included in so popular and standard a series as the "Astor Poets" (Crowell) is emphatic proof of the secure place that he now occupies in literature. The edition is evidently complete, including as it does the "Uncollected Poems" first published in the complete English edition de luxe, and the exquisite "poems in prose." Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole contributes a biographical introduction which, good as it is, would be still better if it were half as long. It seems to us a pity to perpetuate in such a place as this so many of the more or less apocryphal anecdotes of Wilde's foibles and extravagances. It is his greatness, rather than his littleness, that should be emphasized. The low price at which the volume is issued, together with its attractive and careful typography, should make this a favorite edition.

The discriminating few who have found delight in that exquisite bit of writing, "The Roadmender," will be glad to learn something of its author in the little volume entitled "Michael Fairless: Her Life and Writings" (Dutton). Under the pseudonym of "Michael Fairless" was concealed the gentle personality of Miss Margaret Fairless Barber, a gifted Englishwoman who died at thirty-two after several years of acute physical suffering. "The Roadmender" was written during her last months, as were also her two other books — "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" and "The Gray Brethren." In the volume now published, her sister, Mrs. Haggard, supplies a slender biographical chapter; while her literary executor, Mrs. Dowson, contributes the critical portion. Two portraits of "Michael Fairless" add to the interest of this record of a rarely gifted personality.

In the guise of a fable or folk-tale of ingenious construction, Mr. C. H. Robinson relates the history of the part supposed to have been played by fire in the raising of primitive man from his lowest level to one appreciably higher. "Longhead: The Story of the First Fire" (Page) traces the fortunes of the observant and inventive hero, the dolichocephalous Longhead, and his somewhat similarly gifted spouse, Broken Tooth, after his accidental discovery, in which a fortunate stroke of lightning plays a prominent part, of the singular nature of fire and some of its useful properties. How the discovery leads eventually to the rudimentary beginnings of domestic and social life, of coöperation, the useful arts, government, and even religion, is agreeably pictured, with some forcing of the motive or underlying thought, perhaps, but with no detriment to the interest of the tale. The author's use of "brachiocephalic" ("arm-headed," if it means anything) instead of "brachycephalic," as the antonym of "dolichocephalic" or "dolichocephalous," is a little surprising; and in this connection one might question whether there were any long-skulled men among those most nearly brutal ancestors of ours of whom Longhead is supposed to have been one. But the story is a good and instructive piece of imaginative anthropology for the young, and its illustrations by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull are in harmony with the text.

NOTES.

"To-day and Yesterday in New Rochelle," by Dr. J. Pettit Gaylord, is soon to be issued in an illustrated volume by William R. Jenkins Co.

Mr. J. E. Patterson, the English author of sea stories and poems, has a new novel entitled "His Father's Wife" nearly ready for publication.

"Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Originals," by Mr. T. H. S. Escott, is an interesting biographical announcement of the John Lane Co.

A volume of "Last Poems," by the late Julia C. R. Dorr, made up of recent magazine contributions and some unpublished work, is announced by Messrs. Scribner.

Two novels just added to Messrs. Putnam's autumn list are "Wanderfoot" by Miss Cynthia Stockley, and "The Lure of the Little Drum" by Miss Margaret Peterson.

"The Story of Waitstill Baxter," Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's forthcoming novel, will have for its background the Maine village so familiar to readers of "Rebecca."

The much-extolled series of historical dramas entitled "The Renaissance" by Arthur Count Gobineau will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Putnam in a volume edited by Mr. Oscar Levy.

Mr. Archibald Henderson's forthcoming volume, "European Dramatists," will consider the work of six representative playwrights — Ibsen, Strindberg, Oscar Wilde, M. Maeterlinck, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Granville Barker.

Mr. H. G. Wells's forthcoming novel, "The Passionate Friends," recounts the love affairs of one Stephen Stratton, and is supposed to be written by him with the object of assisting a son to avoid dangers similar to those which he has experienced.

Miss Marjorie Patterson, author of the just-published theatrical novel entitled "The Dust of the Road," is a young American girl of considerable stage experience — gained chiefly as a member of Mr. Benson's English Shakespearean company.

Mr. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson's "My Life with the Eskimo" is scheduled for publication in October. The book is said to be a fascinating record of description and adventure, and at the same time a contribution of importance to scientific literature.

The "novel of the season" for many readers will be Mr. Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower," which Messrs. Scribner plan to issue this month. To those who have followed its serial publication, it has seemed much the strongest work yet put forth by this writer.

A volume of collected verse by Mr. Brian Hooker appears on the autumn list of the Yale University Press. Mr. Hooker wrote the opera "Mona," which, set to music by Professor Horatio W. Parker, won the Metropolitan Opera Company's prize in 1911 for the best opera written in English by an American.

The first volume of "A History of England," by Professor Edward P. Cheney, is nearly ready. There are to be two volumes of this work, covering the period from the defeat of the Armada to the death of Elizabeth, and containing an account of English institutions during the later sixteenth and earlier seventeenth centuries.

The autumn announcement list of The Open Court Publishing Co. includes the following: "The History of Japanese Mathematics," by Dr. David Eugene Smith

and Professor Yoshio Mikami; "The Cabala: Its Influence on Judaism and Christianity," and "Jesus in the Talmud," by Mr. Bernhard Piek; "The Philosophy of Nietzsche," "The Principle of Mechanicism," and "The Principle of Relativity," all by Dr. Paul Carus.

"Unvisited Places of Old Europe," an illustrated travel book by Mr. Robert Shackleton, is announced for early issue by the Penn Publishing Co. To their series of "Popular Handbooks" the same publishers will soon add two new titles—"English Writers" by Mr. R. V. Gilbert, and "Stories of the Operas" by Miss Ethel Shubert.

The "Seven Seas" edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's complete works is announced by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., in twenty-three handsomely-printed volumes. Some new material, including "Letters to the Family," etc., will appear here for the first time. The edition is limited to 1050 sets, each of which will be signed by the author.

An elaborate and important "Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences" is being projected by the Macmillan Co. The work is edited by Professor Wilhelm Windelband, Dr. Arnold Ruge, and Sir Henry Jones. The articles are written by some of the most eminent philosophical thinkers of the day. A first volume on Logic, to appear this month, contains contributions by Arnold Ruge, Wilhelm Windelband, Josiah Royce, and various other philosophical scholars, both European and American.

By the death of Alphonso Gerald Newcomer, which occurred at Stanford University on September 15, there is lost to American scholarship a prominent and honorable name and to THE DIAL one of its ablest and most valued contributors. Professor Newcomer was born in 1864, and after being educated at Michigan and Cornell was for two or three years instructor at Knox College. For the past twenty-two years, however, he has been associated with the English department of Stanford, occupying the chair of English since 1906. His published books include the following: "Practical Course in English Composition"; "Elements of Rhetoric"; "Selections from Landor" (edited); "American Literature"; "Rhetoric in Practice" (with S. S. Seward, Jr.); "English Literature"; and "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose" (with Alice E. Andrews). Professor Newcomer's last contribution to THE DIAL was a review of Mr. Frank Harris's "The Women of Shakespeare," published in our issue of March 16 last.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

October, 1913.

Asquith, the Master Statesman. George Harvey. *No. Amer.*
Auto-comradeship. Robert H. Schauffler. . . . *Century*
Balkans, Settlement in the. Roland G. Usher. . . *Forum*
Bartlett, P. W., Recent Work of. William Walton. *Scribner*
Beauty, The Gospel of—II. Nicholas V. Lindsay. *Forum*
Bohemian Club Grove Play, The. H. E. Cory. . . *Forum*
Business Man, Some American Novelists and the—II. William A. Gill. . . . *Atlantic*
Catakills, The. John Burroughs. . . . *Century*
Character, Capitalizing. John L. Mathews. . . . *Harper*
China, The Strong Man of. P. H. Patchin. *World's Work*
Chinoteague, The Island of. Maude R. Warren. *Harper*
Christianizing the World. Carl Crow. . . *World's Work*
Cleveland's Federated Givers. C. W. Williams. *Rev. of Revs.*
Coal Insurrection, The West Virginia. C. F. Carter. *N. Amer.*
Colombia, In Justice to. Earl Harding. . . *World's Work*

Courts, Humors of the. Charles Dillon. . . . *American*
Currency Legislation. Samuel Untermyer. *No. American*
Currency Legislation: Criticism and Suggestions.

Paul M. Warburg. . . . *North American*
Currency Legislation: Origin, Plan, and Purpose.

Robert L. Owen. . . . *North American*
Democracy, Old-World. Carl S. Hansen. . . . *Forum*
Drama League, The, of New York. John Corbin. *Scribner*
Elephant, The African. Theodore Roosevelt. . . *Scribner*
Equality, The Goal of. William J. Tucker. . . *Atlantic*
Eskimos, Christianizing the. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. *Harper*
Farms, Money for the. R. W. Moss. . . *World's Work*
Forests of Usefulness. H. S. Graves. . . *World's Work*
Freemantle, All the Way to. Norman Duncan. . *Harper*
Goethals, Master Engineer of the Panama Canal.

Ray Stannard Baker. . . . *American*
Hansen, America's First Plant Explorer. W. P.

Kirkwood. . . . *Review of Reviews*
Hay-Barn Idyl, A. John Burroughs. . . *Atlantic*
Homesteader, Letters of a. Elinore Rupert. . . *Atlantic*
India and Self-Government. H. Fielding-Hall. . *Atlantic*
Insurance that Prevents Fire. Frank

Williams. . . . *World's Work*
Japanese, The—Are They Unfriendly? H. C.

Ridgely. . . . *Forum*

Justice, Swift and Cheap—I. G. W. Alger. *World's Work*

Labor, Cheap, Our Expensive. Arno Dosch. *World's Work*

Labor, Monopoly of. J. Laurence Laughlin. . . *Atlantic*

Life, Loneliness of. Mowry Saben. . . . *Forum*

McAdoo, Burton J. Hendrick. . . . *World's Work*

Madero, The Conspiracy against. Dolores Butterfield. *Forum*

Mexican Problem, A British View of the. Sydney

Brooks. . . . *North American*

Mexico as It Is. Louis C. Simonds. . . . *Atlantic*

Middle West, A Farming Village of the. A. L. Gesell. *Amer.*

Morphine Habit, Victories over the. P. C. Macfarlane. *Amer.*

Mummies, The Pottery of. Millicent Todd. . . *Forum*

Municipal Problems of New York. H. Brubner. *Rev. of Revs.*

Nemours, a French Town. Roger Boutet de Monvel. *Century*

New England, Rural, An Awakening in. C. D.

Leupp. . . . *World's Work*

Oil, The Age of. Lewis R. Freeman. *Review of Reviews*

Optimism, A Discord in. Thomas P. Beyer. . . *Forum*

Paderewski at Home. Abbie H. C. Finck. . . *Century*

Paris. Theodore Dreiser. . . . *Century*

Peacemakers, World's, A Meeting-Place for the.

O. S. Straus. . . . *Review of Reviews*

Players, The New Generation of. Walter P.

Eaton. . . . *American*

Portugal, The New Republic. C. L. Freeston. . . *Scribner*

Practical, Philosophy of the. Douglas Ainslie. *No. Amer.*

Prices, High, and the Theorists. Fabian

Franklin. . . . *North American*

Prisoner, The. Winifred L. Taylor. . . . *Scribner*

Progressive Party, The. Theodore Roosevelt. . . *Century*

Saloon, The Church Militant against the. F. P.

Stockbridge. . . . *World's Work*

Science and Mystery. Harry E. Fosdick. . . *Atlantic*

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Whitman, Walt. Albert Schinz. . . . *Lippincott*

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF FALL BOOKS.

The length of THE DIAL's annual list of books announced for Fall publication, contained in our last (Sept. 16) issue, made it necessary to carry over to the present number the following entries, comprising the full list of Text-Books and Juvenile announcements of the season.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

A Short History of the United States, by John Spencer Bassett, \$2.50.—Handbook of Exposition, by R. A. Jelliffe.—General Biology, by James Francis Abbott.—Guide to the Study of Animal Ecology, by Charles C. Adams, \$1.25 net.—The Fungi Which Cause Plant Disease, by F. L. Stevens, illus.—Industrial Chemistry for Engineering Students, by H. K. Benson.—Elementary Household Chemistry, by J. F. Snell.—Textiles, a handbook for the student and the consumer, by Mary S. Woolman and Ellen B. McGowan.—Definitions in Physics, by K. E. Guthe.—Analytic Geometry, by Alexander Ziwet and L. A. Hopkins, edited by E. R. Hedrick.—Introduction to Biology, by M. A. Bigelow and Anna N. Bigelow.—Text book on Domestic Science, by Matilda G. Campbell.—A Laboratory Manual in Physics, by N. Henry Black.—Oral Expression, by W. Palmer Smith.—Oral Composition, by Cornelia C. Ward.—The Chemistry of Plant and Animal Life, by Harry Snyder, third revised edition.—The Essentials of Composition as Applied to Art, by John V. Van Pelt, new edition.—Geometrical Optics, by James P. C. Southall, second edition, \$5.50 net.—The Calculus, by Ellery Williams Davis, assisted by William Charles Brenke, edited by Earle Raymond Hedrick, edition de luxe, \$2.40 net.—Students' History of the United States, by Edward Channing, revised edition.—Commercial Correspondence and Postal Information, by Carl Lewis Altmaier, revised edition.—Pocket American and English Classics, new titles: A Collection of Short Stories, edited by L. A. Pittenger; George Eliot's Mill on the Floss, edited by Ida Ausherman; Jane Austen's Sense and Sensibility, edited by Edwin L. Miller; Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, edited by M. C. Rounds; Selections from Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay, edited by J. D. Barley; Selections from Lockhart's Life of Scott, edited by O. L. Reid; Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson, edited by Mary Watson; Selections for Oral Expression, edited by Claude M. Fuess.—Intensive Studies in American Literature, by Alma Blount.—A Text-Book of Gardening, by Allen French.—Principles of Agriculture through the Home and School Garden, by Cyril H. Stebbins.—Tarr and McMurry's Geographies, new vols.: Pennsylvania; Michigan; Idaho; Oregon.—The Continents and Their People, by James Franklin Chamberlain and Arthur Henry Chamberlain, new vol.: South America, illus., 55 cts.—The Pupils' Arithmetic, by James C. Byrnes, Julia Richman, and John S. Roberts; Book V., seventh year, 40 cts.; Book VI., A Complete Arithmetic, sixth, seventh, and eighth years, 55 cts.—The Gilbert Arithmetics, by Charles H. Gleason and Charles B. Gilbert, 50 cts.—Every Child's Series, supplementary readers, new vol.: When Great Folks Were Little Folks, by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun. (Macmillan Co.)

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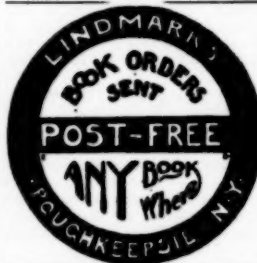
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